

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 241, Vol. 9.

June 9, 1860.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.

THE LEADERSHIP OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

IT is a rule of English public life that each party shall be allowed to choose its own leaders, according to its own discretion. The leadership is a purely domestic arrangement, in which no member of the other party has any business to interpose, except in case of an obvious anarchy interfering with the conduct of public business; and in that case the subject should be adverted to with much more delicacy than was shown by Lord JOHN RUSSELL in his appeal to the Conservative party the other evening. The less even the public press meddles with the matter the better. It is the duty of journalists not to say who shall be the leader of a party, but to criticize the conduct of the leader, whoever he may be. The attempt of the *Times* to settle, by its own authority, the question which it seems is now agitating the Conservative party, is wholly out of place; and if the feelings which inspire this attempt are amiable, the judgment, for the same reason, cannot be regarded as impartial. It is not quite clear indeed, at the first reading, which side of the question the *Times* intends to take. Its advice to the members of the Conservative party borders very closely upon irony. It tells them, in effect, that they are a set of antiquated blockheads, as they must be well aware; and that their only chance is to put themselves under a clever jockey who sees through their absurdities, and despises their obsolete principles, but "condescends to speak their language," and, by riding them adroitly, will now and then make them carry him into office. Even the "broadest acres," we apprehend, seldom produce a mind of such texture as to respond with complacency to this appeal. There seems also a little touch of lurking humour in the suggestion that the Leader of the Opposition must be well qualified for his post because he remains member for Buckinghamshire, "though peculiarly exposed to contests from the vicinity of his county to the metropolis." But whether the *Times* speaks ironically or in earnest, it has nothing to say, and the general public has nothing to say, to this affair. All the public has a right to demand is that parties shall provide themselves with leaders who will use the power entrusted to them for public objects, and consistently with the laws of public honour.

We must, however, protest, both on practical and historical grounds, against the *Times*' gross perversion of recent and notorious facts. It is a very gross perversion of facts, both recent and notorious, to say that Mr. DISRAELI "has twice led his party into office, and that, if they were not on either occasion able to find good anchorage for their storm-tossed vessel, the fault was not his, but rather that of his colleagues, who seemed, on both occasions, indefatigable in proving their incapacity for the management of affairs of State." The causes owing to which the Conservatives on both occasions lost the tenure of office which they had on both occasions gained by the mere weakness of their opponents, and not by the abilities of their leader, are sufficiently well known. The "incapacity of colleagues," on which the blame is so often and so grievously cast, was in neither case at all in fault. On the first occasion, the Conservative Government was overthrown by Mr. DISRAELI's Budget, and on the second occasion by Mr. DISRAELI's Reform Bill. He performed both feats entirely by the force of his own unassisted genius. His "incapable colleagues" would not have had the wit to devise such extraordinarily talented modes of suicide. Their "mediocrity" would have "saved" them, in their own despite, from "mistakes" so "extravagant" as these. Perhaps, also, their "prejudices" would have interfered with the adoption of the masterly scheme of buying a twelvemonths' tenure of office with the principles of the party, as a boy buys an orange with a penny at a stall. But this attempt to shift the blame of Mr. DISRAELI's brilliant blunders to

the shoulders of his colleagues is a signal instance of historical accuracy, compared with the attempt to represent him as the heaven-sent saviour of the Conservative party from the consequences of a fatal rupture with their leader, from hopeless disorganization, and desperate entanglement in the errors and odium of Protection. We should have thought there was but one man living with the face to make such an assertion. Who was it that laboured with intriguing and venomous activity to render the quarrel among the Conservatives irreconcilable, and prevent the wound from healing? Who was it that instigated the fatal act of suicidal revenge which ruined the Conservative cause, not in England only, but in Europe? Who exulted in, who profited by, the disorganization that ensued? Who, being himself an avowed Free-trader, "condescended to speak the language" of Protection for the purpose of committing the Conservative party more deeply to that doctrine, which, when it suited him, he was ready to throw overboard with the same facility? If a section of the party are "cannon-balls," who made them so? And if Mr. BENTINCK is a cannon-ball, was not that "English worthy," Lord GEORGE BENTINCK, a cannon-ball too? Did Mr. DISRAELI first teach the Conservative party "to profess a sympathy for the great body of their countrymen, and to recognise the necessity of looking to public opinion for support?" By what other means than these, coupled with high moral bearing and the exhibition of great administrative powers, were they raised, before "fortune sent them Mr. DISRAELI," from their state of depression on the morrow of the Reform Bill to their triumphant ascendancy in 1841? Perhaps, indeed, they had not been previously taught the expediency of attempting to conciliate the English people by those shameless and mercenary abandonments of principle which a generous nation most thoroughly despises and abhors.

There are now two great questions on which the Conservatives are called upon to take a course; and it so happens that on both questions the course they would take, if guided by their "prejudices," is in accordance with the general sentiments of the country, and would probably lead them by an honourable road to power. But in each instance the ground of "prejudice" has been cut from under their feet by a leader to whom they owe eternal gratitude for "con- descending" to "make them legislators, if he could not make them statesmen. If they could only meet the Reform Bill fairly on principle, they might dispose of it at once, safely and completely, with the applause of nine-tenths of the country and the acquiescence of the rest. But from this they have been cut off, and they are now driven to a course of prevarication and subterfuge, wretched and degrading in itself, and calculated to create and envenom that agitation among the working classes which the great demagogue has failed to excite. Lord JOHN RUSSELL has actually a great moral advantage over them on the Reform question—it is unnecessary to say more. In regard to foreign affairs, the course into which they have been led has been equally calamitous. The European principle to which they naturally and traditionally adhere is that of legitimacy; by which term is not necessarily meant any narrow theory of divine right, but legal and constitutional government, as opposed to violent usurpation and revolutionary appeals to universal suffrage. The union of Constitutional Conservatism with practical liberality and progress which they exhibited to the world under their former leaders had enabled them to obtain for this principle a great ascendancy in Europe. It is needless to say in what a position honourable fidelity to it would have placed them now. But the French usurper, with his seven millions of votes, seemed, like Reform, a great card, and all the "prejudices" of the party of PITT and PEEL were accordingly laid at his feet. Mr. DISRAELI speaks of the Commercial Treaty as a thing on which we

must look back with shame. We partly agree with him, and so does a large section of the nation. Why, then, was no manly attempt to redeem England from "shame" made by the Opposition? Because the previous conduct of the Leader of the Opposition towards the Emperor of the French placed it quite out of his power to take an honourable and independent course. When he showed symptoms of an intention to do so, the organ of the French Government in this country actually threatened him with the disclosure of a letter or memorandum in which it was intimated he had proposed to the EMPEROR a private compact between the Imperial dynasty in France and the Conservative party in this country. We are unable to say whether there was any shadow of foundation for a menace which, if well-founded, would go far to prove that Mr. DISRAELI ought to be struck off the list of the Privy Council; but sure we are that such a revelation would hardly take any one by surprise. These things are not trivial errors in tactics—they are great moral disasters, which leave indelible traces on the character and fortunes of the party and the nation.

Then there is the perpetual plea that Mr. DISRAELI has risen "under all possible disadvantages," and that, therefore, people are bound, in spite of the most fatal experience, to commit their principles and interests to his hands. Now, in the first place, the curious in these matters have more than once shown, for the instruction of the world, that Mr. DISRAELI had a very good start in life—that a subsequent event brought him a handsome income—and that he never had the slightest excuse for "condescending to speak" anybody's "language," for "soothing" anybody's "passions," for "deferring" to anybody's "prejudices," for "fighting" anybody's "battle with heartiness enough to conciliate their confidence," for "dressing up the jargon" of anybody's "exploded financial creed," for becoming anybody's parasite, familiar spirit, or slanderer, or for doing anything unworthy of a high-minded and honourable man. In the second place, we really must put in a word in behalf of the fraternity of those who have risen, or aspire to rise, "under disadvantages." We hope that self-raised merit is willing and entitled to be judged by as severe a standard of integrity as the merit of persons with "large possessions" and "aristocratic connexions." The generous sympathy which is excited by the career of a BURKE, a CANNING, or a HAVELOCK, ought not to be tainted or rendered valueless by including in the same category with them every man who has succeeded in climbing the pole of life and grasping the leg of mutton, no matter by what means, provided only that he did not set out as a Squire or a Lord. The originator of the Mississippi scheme was, in a certain sense, a self-raised man, as well as the originator of "Young England." TITUS OATES, JOHN WILKES, CAGLIOSTRO, were self-raised men. We might add to the list many more, and some whom the law, conscious of their self-raised merits, has raised still higher by its own arm. That double meed of sympathy and praise which self-raised merit claims belongs to those who have scaled the steep ascent of honour, not only unaided, but without a stain. On reperusing the handsome testimonial it has given the Leader of the Opposition, the *Times* will find that in this, as in most testimonials, the struggle between veracity and benevolence has resulted in a notable omission. If it can only supply that omission, the picture of an able and upright Leader of Opposition will be perfectly complete.

GARIBALDI.

A WEEK is not a long time to those who look back on it in the perspective of history; but in an age of telegraphs the suspension of intelligence from Sicily naturally excites a feverish impatience. The armistice, however, may be regarded as representing the virtual ruin of the Neapolitan cause, although some doubt may exist as to the conditions and limits of victory. It is highly probable that, with prescient patriotism, GARIBALDI has made use of the interval to shake the fidelity of the troops, if not of the officers; and it is universally understood that he will, if possible, follow up his success by an expedition on the mainland, and the vanquished army, in anticipation of a new struggle, may prefer to be on the winning side. It is difficult to believe that 30,000 Austrians would have allowed a handful of invaders to march from Marsala to Palermo with impunity; and as the insurgent chief asserts that the Neapolitans fought better than his old opponents in Lombardy, it may be assumed that his opinion is modified by diplo-

matic considerations as well as by national prejudice. His own exploits, although some of them are at present imperfectly known, prove not less astonishing when they are recorded in fuller detail. It appears that the capture of Palermo was the reward of skilful strategy, as well as of irresistible daring. After the combat at Calata Fimi, and the advance to Monreale, GARIBALDI made it his business to entice the troops out of the city; and when, in pursuance of his plan, they approached his position, he adroitly refused the conflict. The insurrection in Palermo seems to have been carried out in strict accordance with previous arrangements, and after a few hours of hard fighting, the fate of the war was virtually decided. The prolongation of the armistice will bring reinforcements and supplies to the patriotic forces, while it is scarcely probable that additional troops will arrive from Naples to participate in the probable capitulation. It may be hoped that there is no foundation for the assertion that the question has entered on the stage of diplomacy. The King of NAPLES has already received a sharp rebuff from the English Government, and it seems that he is not to expect assistance from France. There can scarcely be any foundation for the rumour that Austria was likely to attempt an armed interference. The English fleet would be fully justified in preventing any demonstration of the kind, and it would probably be for the interests of peace that the duty should not devolve on the French Government. GARIBALDI himself will restrict his diplomatic activity to military conventions. It is quite certain that he will enter into no engagement for the maintenance of the Neapolitan throne, and all that he can desire in Sicily is already within his possession or his reach. In a few days, the enemy in the island will probably be found only within the citadel of Messina, and the fortress itself will eventually follow the fortunes of the neighbouring kingdom.

The ill-omened form of universal suffrage will probably be once more adopted, notwithstanding the repulsive precedents of Savoy and Nice. It is not desirable that new-fangled doctrines of public law should receive additional sanction, but, in the particular case, no ballot-box can contradict the undoubted intentions of the Sicilians and of their liberator, GARIBALDI's title is that of a victorious general and national leader, although he may try to conceal and vitiate it by the use of modern machinery. It would be difficult to exaggerate the absurdity of the position in which he would be placed if the vote which he is about to demand were not conformable to his wishes. Universal suffrage could not undo the past, or withdraw the dictatorship which has been necessarily placed in the worst hands. When a whole population, profiting by the aid of an auxiliary leader, has shattered the former Government to pieces, its vote in favour of the obvious alternative may safely be taken for granted. It is as unlikely that the island should choose a separate political existence as that it should voluntarily accept from FRANCIS II. or from the Count of SYRACUSE the nugatory promise of a Constitution. In anticipation of French interference, GARIBALDI may probably be justified in adopting the fiction of a popular vote. The annexation of Sicily to the Italian Kingdom will, with or without universal suffrage, be immediately accomplished. A century and a half ago, the House of Savoy took the Royal title from the province which is once more about to fall under its sceptre. The compulsory substitution of Sardinia for Sicily, twenty years later, belongs to a system of policy which seems to be finally becoming obsolete. The people of the island may perhaps have little connexion with Northern Italy, and they have fully shared, in former times, the spirit of isolation which has been the chief cause of national misfortune; but the opposition which the union must provoke in many quarters will form the best cement of the new amalgamation. The name of VICTOR EMMANUEL will be identified with freedom, with independence, and, above all, with hostility to the detested BOURBONS. In a kingdom of Italy it will not be necessary for the Sicilians to have any especial relations with Naples, except those of equality and good neighbourhood. They will sympathize more willingly with the remoter countrymen who have anticipated their own military exploits, and their theory or practice of ecclesiastical independence. The monks and priests who are promoting the resistance to Naples are perfectly aware of the pontifical execrations which they will incur, but it may be presumed that they are hardened against threats of spiritual dangers. The Church in Sicily has, from the days of the Normans, affected a certain independence; and even the late King of NAPLES, by a curious inconsistency, always refused to surrender the privileges of which he considered

himself the representative. The Piedmontese will welcome a new body of countrymen who are almost as hopelessly excommunicated as themselves, although the POPE may perhaps hesitate before he excludes another large portion of Italy from the pale of the Church.

It seems impossible that King VICTOR EMMANUEL can hesitate to accept the new extension of his dominions. Austria is powerless to prevent it; England will welcome the annexation with cordiality; and France must at last give the assent which may probably in the first instance be made a matter of barter. International law is a little in the way, on the assumption that Sardinia is at peace with Naples; but any Government may recognise a foreign territory as independent, and afterwards accept its voluntary offer of adhesion. The true justification of a bold policy is to be found in the fact that the relations of one part of Italy with another are no longer international. GARIBALDI himself has ceased to be a pirate since he defeated the Neapolitan army; and the Piedmontese KING and his Minister will lose but little conventional respectability by treating the BOURBONS of Sicily as they have already treated the far less culpable despots of Modena, of Parma, of Tuscany, and of the Romagna.

PERSIA AND THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

THE re-transfer of Persian affairs from the Indian to the Foreign Office is an excessively suspicious measure. The step which it reverses was one which did infinite credit to Lord MALMESBURY's good sense, for it was equally justifiable by consideration of the natural relations of Persia and by consideration of past events. Few will deny that the story of the English Mission at Teheran has hitherto been a most miserable one. Occasionally presided over by able men—let us say thus much in answer to Mr. SEYMOUR's gratuitous disparagement of Mr. MURRAY—it has been directed from London in a spirit of ignorant perversity. The Foreign Office knows nothing whatever of Oriental affairs, but fancies that it does because it bestows so much of its activity on Turkey. Turkey, however, derives its peculiarities from the Christians who form the majority of its European subjects, and the diplomatic questions connected with it turn entirely on this ingredient in its population. The colossal Power which flanks it on the North makes Christian grievances the perpetual pretext of its intrigues, and the counter-policy of the Western Governments consists in persuading the SULTAN to administer his Empire on the principles of Western civilization, and so deprive the CZAR of his standing excuse for interference. If Turkey were an exclusively Mahometan country, the policy applied to it would be transparently absurd. Now Persia is a Mahometan Turkey. It includes no Christian population, and accordingly the constant battle between the English and Russian missions at Teheran is not waged on any permanent field. It is only a struggle for preponderant influence. Doubtless it is not desirable that Persia should establish any outpost too close to the Indus and the Punjab, but the system hitherto pursued by the Foreign Office has tended rather to precipitate this danger than to remove it to a distance. The one object which the English Minister has been directed to keep in view has been the diminution of Russian influence; but no facilities have been given him for carrying out the task prescribed to him, so that his diplomacy has been reduced to ceaseless grumbling and remonstrance, and to perpetual resentment of petty slights. Such a state of relations only increases the natural insolence of a barbaric Power, and renders it extremely difficult to track the intrigues which are really proceeding. The effect of it has been sometimes to flood the Foreign Office with purely imaginary accounts of Russian designs, and sometimes to keep it in ignorance of dangerous projects up to the very moment of their being accomplished. Nothing like this ever occurs in India. There, the art of dealing with an Oriental Court is thoroughly understood; and though the servants of the Indian Government have sometimes been charged with imperfect knowledge of the Hindoo masses, their bitterest critic never accused them of want of skill in following the intrigues of the divan or the zenana. But the false system of Downing-street, and the ignorance of the true and genuine East which distinguishes it, forbid its having similar good fortune. While Indian diplomacy is generally beforehand, the Foreign Office is universally behindhand. The Indian authorities are apt to strike too soon, and have caused no small

scandal by their promptitude; but Downing-street invariably finds out too late that it has been outwitted or outraged, and then there is nothing left to it except some extraordinary *coup de main*. The disastrous attempt to establish a dynasty of our own in Afghanistan was a direct result of diplomatic miscarriage. It was a violent effort to redress the balance which had only turned against us through mismanagement. Better and earlier information from Persia, prompter and more skilfully directed action at Teheran, would have saved us the necessity of manufacturing with our own hands the ball of snow which grew progressively into the avalanche of the Sepoy mutiny.

It is announced that Sir HENRY RAWLINSON, as soon as he learned that he was thenceforward to correspond with the Foreign Office, instantly resigned his appointment. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, in admitting the fact of Sir HENRY's retirement, rather craftily added that one of his reasons was an objection to the rule of the Foreign Office against giving presents. This remark was, of course, intended to suggest that the transfer had been excepted to on trifling pretexts; but the truth is, the specific objection of the Persian Minister is anything but an idle one. A plenipotentiary at Teheran who is forbidden to make presents is precisely in the position of a Minister at Paris or Berlin who is prohibited from giving dinners. Lord PALMERSTON has frequently expatiated to the House of Commons or its Committees on the virtues of good food and good wine as promoters of open speaking; but the SHAH and his servants neither invite people to dinner nor accept invitations. If they do ever feast on pork-cutlets and champagne, it is in a back-room with the lights put out. The expansion of soul analogous to that produced in Europe by generous cheer is created in the East by a handsome present. Influential ladies in Persia cannot be asked to open a ball at the Embassy, but their influence will frequently be placed at the disposal of the giver of Lyons silk and Honiton lace; and a Minister of Foreign Affairs who would curse the infidel that offered him forbidden food, will grow meltingly gracious over a jewelled sabre or a Whitworth rifle. If Sir HENRY RAWLINSON complained of no longer being permitted to offer complimentary gifts, he complained of losing substantial means of influence; but, doubtless, the complaint referred to by Lord JOHN RUSSELL is only the type of his larger and more sweeping objections. We cannot but suppose that he objects to corresponding with officials who cannot understand his despatches instead of with officials who can—that he prefers being interpreted by a Council which knows the East, to being criticized by a Minister who barely knows the West—that he dislikes to be left without instructions for months together, and then suddenly to receive a set of directions which disarrange every thread of his policy. Let us imagine a despatch of Lord JOHN RUSSELL to the Minister at Teheran:—"You will inform his Majesty, the SHAH, that, in the opinion of 'her MAJESTY's Government, no Persian subject should be 'condemned to death without a verdict from a jury of his 'fellow-countrymen; and you will point out to his 'MAJESTY the advantages which this country has derived 'from the adoption of the Constitutional principles which 'were settled in the year 1688 of the era usually followed 'in Europe."

The withdrawal of the Persian mission from the Indian Department amounts to a positive refusal of the Government to avail itself of the experience and diplomatic knowledge acquired by Englishmen in India. The Emperor of the FRENCH would have been guilty of an exactly analogous piece of folly if he had declined to use the services of any of his corps which had fought in Africa, and had insisted on going through the Lombard campaign with regiments which had never quitted France. But Lord PALMERSTON, in undoing Lord MALMESBURY's work, and in deliberately throwing away the opportunity afforded to him by the transfer of India to the Crown, is entirely consistent with himself. The most plastic of men when pressure is applied to him, nobody living adheres more tenaciously to prejudices which it is safe to indulge. Through his whole official career, he has shown that he cared nothing for India and heartily despised Anglo-Indians. He recklessly wasted the resources of the Indian exchequer, exhausted the military strength of the Indian empire, and threw away its unblemished prestige, in that miserable succession of wars—Afghan, Persian, and Chinese—which were entailed on him by the defeat of his own diplomatic policy. When it fell to his lot to take away the government of India from a body which he styled "a set of merchants," he proposed a scheme for the new Indian Department which would virtually have deprived

it of assistance from Indian experience; and long after the House of Commons had repudiated his plan, he persevered in declaring that he considered it unobjectionable. Himself to the last, he has evidently, from his speeches, been the chief advocate for placing the Indian army under the Horse Guards, in order that "they of the household may divide the 'spoil.'" Is there nobody in the Cabinet who can venture a remonstrance? Mr. GLADSTONE studied the causes of the last Persian war, and knows what is implied in the transfer of the Teheran mission; but then Mr. GLADSTONE, as he says, "has no feelings." The subordinate who has to see all his most virulent Oxford opponents successively made into bishops by his chief must submit to the minor grievance of a present Chinese war and a proximate war in Central Asia.

THE REFORM DEBATES.

THE House of Commons continues to indicate its distaste for Reform with a versatile and almost humorous ingenuity. In other circumstances, it might have been deemed imprudent to furnish agitators, on the verge of defeat, with fresh pretences for plausible irritation; but the wide-spread and growing repugnance to rash experiments in politics and finance overpowers the instincts of habitual allegiance to party and to its constitutional traditions. Lord JOHN RUSSELL's Bill might probably have perished by some other instrumentality, even if its enemies had not resolved to effect their object by the process of talking against time, but the opponents and mutinous adherents of the Government are pursuing a dangerous policy. At a time when public opinion was becoming every day more decidedly opposed to democratic innovation, Mr. BRIGHT could have desired nothing better than a collision between the two Houses, followed by an ostentatious determination to defeat the Reform Bill by mere obstruction and delay. The series of conversations which occupied the House during Monday night scarcely purported to bear on the nominal business of the evening. The instructions proposed for the guidance of the Committee were, without exception, either superfluous or inconsistent with the principle of the Bill; and the speeches by which they were supported might have been delivered on the motion for the second reading, if the debate which occupied so many sittings of the House could, with ordinary decency, have been further prolonged. Mr. BENTINCK's solicitude to insert provisions against electoral corruption in a Bill for amending the representation of the people, was professedly based on the assumption that the effect of the measure would directly contradict its title and its conventional purpose. Mr. MACKINNON's proposal of waiting for the Census of 1861 was only recommended by the argument that the postponement would insure the delay of reform, and probably altogether defeat it. Mr. BOVILL's speech on the relative claims of different boroughs to exemption from partial disfranchisement will be more legitimately repeated if the Committee ever arrives at the Schedules. With the solitary exception of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, every member who spoke at length in the first debate was influenced by the simple desire to defeat indirectly a Bill which, with all its numerous and acknowledged demerits, has been unanimously adopted in principle by the House of Commons.

Those who reprobate ostentatious displays of Parliamentary cynicism will do well to consider the reasons which have produced a general reaction and recantation. At present, the House of Commons is expressing, under considerable embarrassment, a sound and conscientious conviction. The anomalies of its conduct must be attributed exclusively to the insincerity of former professions. It is often impossible to get back into the right path without a fresh trespass in crossing the inclosure between. It may be true that the House was returned under an almost universal pledge to carry a Reform Bill, and that the task was entrusted by its first vote to the present Ministers; but, as all the parties to the contract have satisfied themselves that it ought to be abandoned, it only remains to determine the method by which the object can be most conveniently attained. The avowal that the constituencies, the candidates, and the leaders of both parties were in error, or not in earnest, derives additional awkwardness from the general and natural unwillingness to make an open confession; yet delay may become dangerous if it supplies a pretext for future discontent and agitation. If the debates are to continue, a serious effort should be made to pass the Bill with amend-

ments, or absolutely to reject it. The whole country will understand the announcement that the principal measure of the session broke down because it was sent into Committee in June, and only reported to the House at the end of July.

Sufficient ground has been laid for some decided mode of proceeding. The general dislike to the Bill is founded neither on its peculiar provisions nor on the conduct of its mover. Lord JOHN RUSSELL has been abundantly and justly censured for his mischievous agitation of Parliamentary Reform; and it must be admitted that, down to the present year, his conduct in dealing with the question has been not unfrequently rash, selfish, and factious. If he had wished the controversy to be settled in 1859, he might have altered Mr. DISRAELI's Bill into a reasonable measure; nor would he probably have had long to wait for another opportunity of ejecting a Government which only commanded a minority in the House of Commons. His determination, however, to reserve the management of Reform to himself has since been sanctioned by the country and by Parliament. The present Bill accurately fulfils the pledges of last summer, and it has certainly not been brought forward or pressed upon the House in any objectionable manner. On Monday night, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, with remarkable temper and moderation, offered his adversaries an unexpected compromise. The House was invited either to substitute rating for rental in the qualification, or even to raise the lowest limit of the franchise. The Minister, although he persisted in his original plan, offered to consider any modification which might be introduced in a conciliatory spirit. He pointed out the fictitious character of the pretexts for delay, and showed, from recent precedents, that the technical reasons for hurrying on the Miscellaneous Estimates were as imaginary as the zeal for economy and Parliamentary supervision which limited the vote of credit to the expenditure of three or four weeks. The unrecognised, but substantial, objection to a Reform Bill which arises from the fear of a dissolution, was effectually met by the announcement that the Scotch and Irish Reform Bills are to wait for another session. It is evident that a general election on the eve of a reconstruction of the representative system would be an anomalous and improbable event. It is, of course, not pretended that Mr. CARDWELL's Bill, if it were passed, would improve the quality of Irish members, or add to their weight; but the suspension of the measure is an excellent reason for abstaining from a dissolution, and, therefore, it furnishes a forcible argument in favour of English reform.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL's speech on Monday fairly threw on the House of Commons the responsibility of confessing the general disinclination to introduce an unnecessary change. Mr. DISRAELI met the challenge with a string of conventional objections, interspersed with irrelevant personal recriminations. Although he had himself last year offered to accept almost any change in his Reform Bill in preference to abandoning office, he gravely declared that Lord JOHN RUSSELL's more restricted candour showed a want of fixed conviction and definite purpose. Above all, he protested against the incompleteness of an English Bill which left Scotland and Ireland to be dealt with by subsequent legislation, and he has since followed up his remonstrance by a party division on the same fictitious issue. The different measures have, indeed, no practical connexion with one another, but Mr. DISRAELI invents political sophisms as rapidly as Mr. GLADSTONE imagines economical fallacies, although by no means with the same good faith. Well knowing that his followers shrink from every hint of a dissolution, the leader of the Opposition is shocked at the prospect of a reform which would not immediately be followed by a general election. A more straightforward understanding would, on this, as on many other occasions, have suggested a more skilful course of tactics. It was not Mr. DISRAELI's business to taunt the Minister with the absence of a settled policy—or, in other words, with a disposition to compromise. From the very commencement of the recent debates, a judicious opponent would have left the contest as far as possible to the Liberal dissentients from the Ministerial proposal. By turning the discussion into a party debate, the Opposition have forced Lord PALMERSTON to collect his strength, and to intimate that the Reform Bill is, in substance, as well as in name, a Ministerial question. The more serious consequence of a wide-spread popular agitation ought to have supplied a still more convincing reason against vexatious procrastination. The general affectation of Reform opinions has hitherto been to a certain extent useful in weakening the effect of Mr. BRIGHT's democratic

invectives. It is not desirable that he should have the opportunity of spending the next autumn in proving to the manufacturing population that the House of Commons is determined absolutely to refuse even the colourable fulfilment of innumerable pledges. There is still time to retrieve partially the ground which has been lost, by taking advantage of an interval of moderation. Lord JOHN RUSSELL's offer will conciliate many who spoke against the Bill on the second reading; and Mr. DISRAELI's taunts and menaces will tend, as far as they have any effect, to rally the Liberal party once more around the Minister. It is not without reason that Lord JOHN RUSSELL resents the attempts of malcontent Conservatives to deprive him of the advantage which he enjoys in the opposition of a blundering antagonist. In the present instance, Mr. DISRAELI ought eagerly to have accepted the compromise which was virtually offered, and to have reserved to himself the well-founded hope that the Bill would nevertheless be ultimately defeated. It will be impossible to persuade the country that the measure is denounced on the ground that it is unduly moderate and unambitious.

INDIA.

THE accounts from India encourage the hope that the Official Mutiny of which the signal was given from Madras will be effectually checked by the promptitude of the Supreme Government, though the exaggerated fears and disaffected hopes which Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN has excited will probably long remain to impede the efforts made to restore the equilibrium of Indian finance. A very significant indication of the depth and extent of the mischief is the tone assumed by that considerable portion of the Press of India which has seconded the efforts of the Governor of Madras. It is recorded with exultation that the announcement of increased taxation had at first been received as an inevitable evil, but that Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN's Minute had changed reluctant acquiescence into determined opposition; and that the new taxes, if imposed, would be resented as burdens for which the necessities of the State afforded no excuse. Actual resistance is hinted at as more than probable, and the triumph of Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN is predicted by his own organs as almost certain. The strangest thing is, that the possibility of the recall of the rebellious Governor scarcely seems to have occurred to any one. The *Times* Correspondent, indeed, throws out, as an original suggestion of his own, that some prompt measures ought to be taken with a Provincial Governor who will not be a very efficient agent in the execution of the financial measures of the Central Government; but he does so apparently without the least conception that the recall of Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN must have been instantly demanded by the almost unanimous opinion of the country, and as promptly decided on by the Home Government.

With this single exception, there is scarcely a trace to be found of the conviction that the insubordination of the Madras Government would result in any personal consequences to the principal offender. The merits of Mr. WILSON and Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN are discussed just as we should canvass the claims of a Prime Minister and an Opposition Leader. It seems to be assumed, by what may be called the Madras party, that their Governor has placed himself in a perfectly natural position by heading the Opposition to the Central Government. This want of the most elementary ideas of official subordination rather clashes with the notion that centralization has been carried almost to an excessive length in the administration of India; but the explanation apparently is, that the tone of the Madras press is a mere reflection of the hopes in which its patron has allowed himself to indulge. Incredible as it seems, it is now perfectly clear that Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN, in publishing his Minute, had not the least idea that he was uttering a protest which involved the sacrifice of his own position. The tinge of magnanimity which was sought to be thrown over the transaction was the pure creation of his friends at home, while the Governor of MADRAS was exulting at the success of a manœuvre which was to place his nominal superiors at his mercy. It is rather fortunate that this is so, because the effect of the recall, which by this time should have reached India, will be far more salutary when it comes as an unexpected punishment than if it had been deliberately accepted as the necessary consequence of a remonstrance on behalf of the peoples of India. It is better that the Governor of MADRAS should

leave his post as a condemned rebel, than that he should appear to retire of his own free will rather than concur in the measures of Lord CANNING's Administration. The hopes of resistance have probably been already crushed, but it is doubtful whether the exertions of the Government will suffice to eradicate the false impression which has been created of the intended tax. Ignorant people, who have been told on high authority that a simultaneous tax is about to be imposed on 150,000,000 of native subjects while Europeans are to enjoy exceptional indulgence, will not easily be persuaded, even by the dissemination of the real facts, that the great bulk of the population will escape the burden, and that all distinction of race has been studiously avoided. The comparatively limited incidence of the proposed Income-tax is strikingly shown by a calculation in one of the Madras papers which gives an energetic support to Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN. The number of ryots in the Presidency is estimated at a million and three-quarters, of whom 3000 only will be subject to the tax. But it is easier to propagate a false impression than to get rid of it when once it has laid hold of the popular mind, and the alarmists of the Punjab village, who were driven frantic by the notion that they were to be subjected to an indiscriminate poll-tax of thirty rupees a head, may have exhibited only an extreme case of a delusion which is now in all probability very widely spread. The taxation which has been proposed is certainly not oppressive in amount; and if one could be sure that the attempt to collect it by the machinery which Mr. WILSON has borrowed, almost without alteration, from the English Act, will be abandoned in practice, there would, but for Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN's encouragement, have been no grounds for anticipating serious opposition.

While the neutralization of Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN's invitation to revolt has been the chief subject of anxiety to the authorities of India, another financial novelty, of at least equal importance, has been announced. There has been in India a constant source of wasteful expenditure in the confusion of the Government accounts. In the spring and the autumn of last year, two estimates were sent home of the expenditure for the same twelve months, which differed by some millions sterling. A third estimate, framed by Mr. WILSON, is equally at variance with the last corrected calculations of the local officials. Which of these three estimates will prove the most accurate can scarcely be predicted with much confidence, though the chances, we fear, are in favour of that which shows the largest deficit. The truth appears to be that the financial machinery hitherto employed supplies no means of judging what the requirements of the future are likely to be. The practice has been to allow each Presidency to spend what it considered necessary, and to postpone all attempts to balance income and expenditure until the conclusion of the year. Then, of necessity, a loan was resorted to in order to fill up the deficit which commonly presented itself. Even the past expenditure was never properly analysed. In short, prospective estimates and retrospective audits were things utterly unknown in Indian finance. A financial resolution has now been promulgated to correct this evil. In this instance, at any rate, Mr. WILSON has found an appropriate subject for the application of his favourite principle of introducing into India the financial methods with which we are familiar at home. The broad rules of good account-keeping must be pretty much the same all over the world, and the check of a preliminary Budget and a regular system of audit will no doubt operate in as salutary a manner in India as it does in England. Accordingly, it is directed that in future a prospective estimate of the wants of the year shall be annually prepared, and that the actual expenditure shall be regularly audited, so as to reveal the nature and the cause of every excess above the anticipated outlay. The absolute necessity of such provisions against extravagance is so obvious that it is amazing that such a reform should have been left for Mr. WILSON's hands. Considerable difficulties in points of detail will be inevitable on the first introduction of a rational system of accounts, and, with a view to facilitate the measure, it is proposed to commence the working of the new scheme, by way of experiment, to as great an extent as possible during the current year. With the experience thus gained, it is anticipated that a regular Budget, after the English fashion, will be practicable in 1861. By that time, data will be available to determine the probable returns of the new taxes, and instead of proposing to cover an uncertain expenditure with an unknown revenue, Mr. WILSON will be in a position to announce, with

something like authority, the precise amount of taxation which the necessities of the State will call for.

For the present year, all is mere guess work. It is certain, indeed, that the deficit must far exceed any possible savings, but beyond that, no calculation is much to be relied on. Mr. WILSON himself does not venture an opinion on the probable produce of the Income-tax, and is compelled to rely more on the large balances which are fortunately in hand than on the uncertain proceeds of novel taxes. Whatever may be thought in Madras, there is more of the spirit of economy in these practical reforms of the financial administration than in vague denunciations of excessive military expenditure. The first step towards effecting a reduction of expense is to find out where the money goes, and what return is obtained for it; and though Mr. WILSON has made it only too clear that the Government accounts cannot be balanced by any possible reduction of the present army, the saving which increased vigilance is certain to produce may, without any material sacrifice of strength, do more even than additional taxation to close the era of chronic deficits and open loans.

CANDIDATES FOR THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

THE contest for the Presidency of the United States appears to be partly a political, and partly a sporting event. It combines the stir of an English general election with the excitement of the Derby, and is at least as interesting to Americans from its uncertainty as from its national importance. Anything to bet upon—or, if one thinks wagers wicked, to speculate about—is dear to human nature. If there is nothing better at hand, the bulk of the English people will go crazy about Thormanby and Wizard, or about SAYERS and HEENAN; but give to the contest on Epsom Downs the dignity of a great political controversy, and the supreme interest of the fight for the Presidency can be easily imagined. An English election recurs too irregularly, and party zeal on such occasions is too much diffused and too much frittered away in local rivalries, to call up the same amount of enthusiasm either before it happens or while it is going on. There is but one Derby for the whole nation, and the whole nation knows when it will come—there lies the secret of its attraction. The eager expectation with which millions of Americans look forward to their national race grows out of precisely the same combination of periodicity and universality.

Under such circumstances, a foreign observer who perceives the extraordinary interest of Americans in their Presidential election is apt to overrate its real importance; and doubtless great deductions must be made from the awful consequences which are predicted as sure to ensue on the success of this or that candidate. Still, the coming contest does really appear to have a peculiar seriousness from the circumstance that, for the first time in American history, the parties arrayed against each other will be entirely sectional. This has been placed beyond a doubt by the results of the Conventions which have been held at various points of the United States for the nomination of Presidential candidates. The Democrats met about a month since, at Charleston; and as they were the sole national party remaining—or, in other words, the only party which counts its adherents indifferently in the North and in the South—it had been confidently believed that the person they nominated would be the next President. But it soon appeared that the venomous quarrel between Free and Slave labour had disorganized even the tough fibre of the "Democratic." The Democratic delegates from the North made a strong push to obtain the nomination of Senator DOUGLAS, of Illinois—the one eminent man of their party who has evinced decided sympathy with the Anti-slavery feeling now dominant in the Northern States. Had the Southern delegates acquiesced in his selection, he would almost certainly have been elected next autumn; for, besides commanding the entire Slave-holding interest, he must have carried one or two of the Free States against any Republican competitor. But, prudent as such a compromise would have been, it was too humiliating for Southern pride. The delegates from the Slave States not only did not vote for Mr. DOUGLAS, but took measures for avoiding a division in which he might have had an overwhelming advantage. Before the feeling of the Convention could be formally ascertained, they caused a number of resolutions to be submitted to it, which, if carried, would have pledged the Democratic party to every one of those pretensions of the Slaveholders which

are most obnoxious to the North. The resolutions were rejected, and the Southern delegates instantly seceded from the Convention. In the next division after their departure, Mr. DOUGLAS had of course an immense majority; but, by a fiction which one would expect to find in England rather than in America, the seceding delegates still formed part of the Convention, and it was therefore impossible to obtain that absolute majority of votes which is needed, according to American ideas, before the sense of a political assembly can be deemed to be adequately expressed. The Democratic Convention had therefore no course remaining except to adjourn. It will meet again in the middle of the present month at Baltimore, but there is little chance of its proving more unanimous than it was at Charleston, and the best-informed Americans speak of the Democratic confederacy as irretrievably broken up.

Another Convention which assembled a few weeks since may be dismissed very briefly. The "National Union" party which it represented consists of the remnant of the famous old American Whigs. Their nominee, Mr. BELL, of Tennessee—a Southern gentleman with Northern leanings—would make the best of all possible Presidents, but his followers are only a malcontent and alarmed minority, and the very existence of the sectional quarrel, against which they protest by their name and organization, is a proof that their candidate has no chance of success. A very different degree of importance attaches to the next Convention we have to mention—that of the Republicans at Chicago, which has just dissolved, after promptly choosing its candidate. The interest of this Convention had turned beforehand on the question whether it would or would not nominate Mr. SEWARD, of New York. Mr. SEWARD is as truly the creator of the Republican party as was THOMAS JEFFERSON of the Democrats. Originally a Whig, he was the first of his party to see that all the issues which it had debated with its antagonists were either antiquated or decided in favour of the Democrats; and that, if the great democratic confederacy was ever to be expelled from office and power, it would only be turned out by an opposition which appealed to the one earnest feeling which prevailed in the Northern States—jealousy of Slave-holding aggression. He devoted himself, therefore, to infusing more and more of Abolitionist sentiment into the creed of the Whigs, and finally persuaded the mass of them to reconstruct themselves, and to assume a new name. In any free country in which the suffrage was confined to the tolerably intelligent and reflecting, Mr. SEWARD would have been backed at all hazards by the party which is so deeply indebted to him, but in the United States it has long since been discovered that no politician of high mark and distinguished career is a safe candidate for the Presidency. The SEWARDS, CLAYS, CALHOUNS and WEBSTERS have attracted too many personal jealousies and hatreds, and have said or done too many things susceptible of calumnious misrepresentation. A lucky libel on such a man may cost his party the vote of a whole State; and the secret of success—no longer patented by any one faction—is to nominate somebody virtually unknown, like POLK, PIERCE, or FREMONT, or an able but second-rate official, like the actual President, Mr. BUCHANAN. Mr. SEWARD has been sacrificed to calculations of this sort, and the Chicago Convention has found a promising nominee in a Mr. LINCOLN, of Illinois. No doubt he is a most formidable candidate. His career has been so entirely local that little in it can be turned to his disadvantage; and the few circumstances in his history which have been made public are eminently suited to flatter and conciliate the American masses. He possesses the great recommendation of being a self-made man. Originally he is said to have supported himself by some kind of manual labour, and then, with the versatility congenial to Americans, he became a lawyer—a calling which in the States is the usual prelude to the profession of politics. Such a career commands the sympathies of every operative and small farmer in the Union. Mr. LINCOLN adds to the popularity which it ensures him another set of chances, derived from his connexion with the West. A Republican President can only be elected by the unanimous vote of all the Northern, North-western, and Central States. Of these, the Northern States may be entirely relied on by the Republicans; the Central States, with the possible exception of Pennsylvania, are equally safe; but the North-west has lately been considered doubtful. The fact, however, that the Republican candidate belongs to Illinois will greatly flatter the pride of the Western farmers, and Mr. LINCOLN will doubtless carry with him many more votes in these populous States than Mr. SEWARD could

possibly have done. On the whole, therefore, considering the disruption or feebleness of the competing parties, Mr. LINCOLN seems at present not unlikely to achieve the difficult undertaking which alone can raise him to the Presidency—the concentration of all the voting power of the Free States on a single name. All well-wishers to the Union are glad to hear that he is supposed to be a politician of great prudence and moderation, who will sacrifice much before he drives his antagonists to despair.

ENGLAND AND ITALY.

THOSE who have recently travelled in North Italy have found that the French are thought very much of there, and the English very little. Perhaps the events of the last few weeks may have in some degree modified this feeling; but even if it exists as strongly as ever, we do not complain of it. The French have shed their blood for Italy, and have shed it at the call of the Italians. It is quite right that men who have asked others to hazard life and limb in their behalf should feel a gratitude for such assistance very different from any that they can entertain for minor services. It may be true that it was not France, but the French EMPEROR, that befriended Italy, and that the EMPEROR befriended her in order to promote his private ends. But the Italians would be wanting in one of the first qualities of a generous nation if they measured out their gratitude too nicely, and allowed the calculation of remote motives to weigh against the fact that fifty thousand Frenchmen died last year in an Italian quarrel. Still, we also may have the satisfaction of knowing that within the last twelve months we have done something for Italy, the value of which Italians will recognise more and more clearly as they come to reflect calmly on the wonderful events that are altering the fortunes of their country. They were especially indignant that we did not help them by an armed intervention, although we were a free people and they were struggling for freedom. They thought we were false to the cause of liberty. That is a matter of the past now. Reasons which we thought overpowering forbade us to take an active part in the war. But, since the war was over, we have done Italy some very good turns, and it so happens that on each occasion the mode in which we assisted her has had a direct connexion with the freedom of our institutions. In the long run, English liberty has had much to do with the present hopeful prospects of Italian liberty. Englishmen will find their own satisfaction in knowing this, and need not much count on or care for the gratitude of foreigners. But the time, we believe, will come when the more generous and instructed minds of Italy will readily acknowledge what we have done for their cause.

In the first place, the formation of North Italy into one kingdom was greatly owing to the firmness with which the English Cabinet set itself against all schemes for frightening or cajoling the Italians into abandoning their real wishes. It is very easy, now that the annexation is an accomplished fact, to suppose that nothing could have prevented it; but those who know the real history of what took place are aware that, even until a very short time before it was effected, the chances were greatly against the annexation being permitted. England alone perseveringly exhorted the Italians to do exactly as they pleased—to make up their minds what they wanted, and to have that, and nothing else. In moments of perplexity, the danger is always considerable lest the mind should give way, and swerve from its real aim by having a variety of schemes submitted to it. LOUIS NAPOLEON is perfectly aware of this, and no one is more completely master of the arts by which men are bewildered into obedience. He knows the trick of forcing a card, and he would probably have forced the card he wished on Central Italy, if England, like a cool and friendly bystander, had not constantly interposed and explained that the card might or might not be a good one, but that the first thing was to know whether Italy wished to draw it. The result has been that the destinies of Italy have been shaped in accordance with the wishes of those Italians who are best qualified to form an opinion of what is expedient for their welfare. And the tenacity with which the English Cabinet clung to the policy which has proved so beneficial to Italy is distinctly owing to the change which English diplomacy has undergone since it came more directly under the control of public opinion. Fifty years ago, an English diplomatist would have seen in the Italian crisis only a fresh occasion to consult with other diplomatists how the

affairs of Italy could best be settled. The wishes of the Italians would have gone for very little. The representative of England would at most have demanded a mimicry of the English Constitution. If he could have got the faintest promise of this, he would have passed to what he and all the other diplomatists of Europe would have considered the serious part of the business, and have examined what advantages to rival systems of military attack and defence Italy could fairly be forced to offer. It is only since the wishes of the nation at home have been substantially consulted in our domestic policy that our external policy has been guided by a regard for the wishes of the foreign nations in whose affairs we are called to take a part.

We have also rendered an assistance to GARIBALDI and to the Sicilian insurrection which could not possibly have come from any but a free country. Stories of the cruelties of the Neapolitan police might have been circulated—statements might have been spread that the King of NAPLES was entirely under the control of the priests, and that no change could be hoped for—but still the Sicilian insurrection would have been thought by most persons to stand on the general level of all other Continental insurrections. We never should have been sure that the crimes and follies of the Neapolitan Government were not exaggerated. There was only one thing that could have carried conviction to the mind of England and Europe, and that was that the leaders of the English House of Commons should distinctly and solemnly assert that the atrocities of that Government were such that a revolt of the subjects of FRANCIS II. was not like the quarrel of any other European people with their Sovereigns, but an exceptional redress of exceptional injuries. This statement came from the lips of Lord PALMERSTON with a force which it could not have had if it had proceeded from the organ of any Continental Government, because we in this country are aware—and all well-informed persons in Europe are aware—that no Minister of the Crown would ever think of thus proscribing a reigning and nominally allied Sovereign from the pale of civilization and law unless his accusation rested on most indisputable grounds. Lord JOHN RUSSELL produced something of the same effect when he compared the assistance given to GARIBALDI with the assistance given to the Greek insurgents against Turkey. He treated the case of Sicily as something quite beyond the technical rules of international law. It was, he intimated, a case where, as in the case of Greece, unusual means may innocently be taken to stop an unusual evil. No service could have been rendered to the Sicilians, short of the despatch of the Mediterranean fleet to co-operate with them, which could have been of greater benefit to their cause than this representation of their grievances as quite extraordinary, and such as to give almost a sacred character to a war of retribution. It will prevent their being foiled by their own successes. No one can now expect them to accept the concessions which may be wrung from the abject fears of a Court that is always announced to be packing up its clothes in preparation for departure. If they revolted merely because they did not like their Government, we might be inclined to censure them for unnecessarily disturbing the peace of Europe, had the Revolution been protracted after a reasonable Constitution had been granted. But now every one feels that they will be quite right to reject all overtures, and never rest until they have bid good-bye for ever to a Sovereign who, like a pirate, is not their enemy only, but the enemy of the human race. And the declarations of the English Government have given quite a new character to the efforts that are being made to render active assistance to GARIBALDI. It has become respectable to help him. The Lord-Lieutenant of a county has publicly forwarded a handsome contribution to the fund. The great towns, and especially the great Scotch towns, are gathering money for his assistance, not furtively, but as a public duty, under the open sanction of their magistrates. Perhaps those who are acquainted with the singular respectability of the Athenæum Club will not regard it as a slight sign of the times that a contribution has been forwarded from that irreproachable quarter. England, in fact, has given the Sicilian insurrection so peculiar a character that the world now regards it less as an insurrection than as a battle against wickedness in high places, and an act of just vengeance that is owed to outraged humanity. It is utterly impossible that the King of NAPLES should hold out against such a feeling; and when he has been consigned to the ignominious obscurity that he deserves, England may claim a considerable share in the work of his removal from the throne he has disgraced.

PACKET CONTRACTS.

IT is not quite fair to apply to the conduct of the congeries of Departments among which public affairs are divided, the same severe criticism with which one would judge the actions of a single agent, armed with absolute authority and burdened with complete responsibility. But for the sort of mitigation which this consideration supplies, it would be impossible to speak too strongly of the management of postal contracts by the conjoint action of the Treasury, the Admiralty, and the Post Office authorities. Even when every allowance is made for the difficulties arising from divided responsibility, the facts revealed by the Packet Contract Committee throw into the shade the worst errors of any branch of administration, at least in modern times. If the supervision of these matters had really been in the hands of a single officer, and if a Committee, in reporting on his conduct, had recommended that decisions involving in the aggregate an outlay of 1,000,000*l.* a year should not in future be made in ignorance of material facts—that the most distinct pledges should no longer be violated, that the interests of important colonies should not be set aside without a hearing, after an express promise that they should be taken into consideration, that the country should not be made to pay twice as much as was necessary for services performed, and that political jobbing should cease to be an element in administrative business—such recommendations would be regarded as the severest condemnation of the officer whose conduct had called them forth. Yet these are, in substance, the recommendations of the Packet Committee; and they are supported by facts which prove beyond all question that, in their joint action, the various departments which have a finger in these postal contracts have been guilty of all the errors against which the Committee desire to guard in future. The Report is a very cautious document. It abstains from all denunciation, and merely sets forth the facts which have been ascertained and the precautions which will henceforth be required.

The theory of administration in these matters is very complete. The ultimate decision rests with the Treasury, which alone is considered competent to sanction the heavy continuous outlay which the Mail Packet service involves. The Treasury has no official knowledge of nautical matters, and this is, or rather was, supposed to be supplied by calling in the advice and co-operation of the Admiralty. For an equally good reason, the Post Office is required to report on every contract; and thus the Treasury, armed at all points with safeguards against error, is able to exercise a discriminating control over every contract which it becomes necessary to enter into. A few examples will show how this neat combination of naval, postal, and financial experience has been found to work. The successive Dover contracts perhaps afford the best illustration of the wisdom which results from this abundance of counsel. We will not refer to the last jobbing contract which the House of Commons has repudiated, but will go back to the first arrangement, which does not appear to have been tainted with more than average corruption. In 1854, the Admiralty had some old vessels which were known to be unfit for the rapid service which it was intended to establish between England and France. It was also known that four or five good vessels would be amply sufficient to carry the mails with unfailing regularity. But the Admiralty wanted to get rid of their worthless steamers, and a contract was provisionally made for the performance of the service by not less than six vessels, to consist in part of the old Admiralty tubs. The price was proportionally high, but the tender was accompanied by an alternative offer to carry the mails for a much lower subsidy if the conditions as to keeping an excessive number of vessels, and buying some which were wholly unsuitable, could be dispensed with. The sanction of the Treasury was of course necessary; and this appears to have been obtained by submitting the formal tender and suppressing the more advantageous offer which accompanied it. The Treasury—innocent, as it seems, in this instance—approved the contract, in ignorance that better terms could be obtained; and the country is, in consequence, paying about thirty per cent. more than would have sufficed to secure the same service. The contract thus entered into was twice renewed—the first time without any Treasury sanction at all, the second time with the authority of the Lords of the Treasury, given on grounds of which no record was preserved. Perhaps this will suffice as a specimen of decision in ignorance of facts. But this was clearly the fault

of the Admiralty, and no one expects much from that extraordinary Board.

Our next example, therefore, shall be chosen to illustrate the action of the Treasury. We will take the Cunard contract, because it is one which, so far as efficiency of performance is concerned, may be considered as the most favourable specimen. The first agreement was in 1840, and as the enterprise was novel and speculative, a very high subsidy was stipulated to be paid for not less than seven years. This was renewed again and again, and in 1856 the Cunard Company were in the enjoyment of a grant of 173,000*l.* a-year, of which six years remained unexpired. At this time Canada, with its usual enterprise, was contemplating the establishment of a line of Ocean steamers of its own, and naturally looked forward to the period when they should no longer have to struggle against the competition of a subsidized line to the rival port of New York. The Canadian Government accordingly obtained a pledge, in the shape of a Treasury Minute, to the effect that “their Lordships hoped” on the expiration of the term of the Cunard contract to “make more equitable arrangements with respect to the Canadian Mail Service.” Relying on this assurance, Canada subsidized the Montreal line at a cost of 45,000*l.* a-year, and waited for better things in 1862. But, in 1858, without one word of notice to the Canadian Company, the Cunard contract was again extended until 1867. If this had been done wilfully, it would, of course, have been a flagrant breach of faith, and it is very slight palliation that the then Financial Secretary, and all the subordinates in the office, are said to have been utterly ignorant of the existence of the Minute by which the Treasury had pledged itself to the Canadian Government. The Canadians behaved extremely well under the circumstances. They begged that no further renewal of a rival contract should be sanctioned without putting the ports of Canada on an equal footing with those of the United States; and they set themselves to meet their disappointment by renewed efforts, and ultimately doubled the subsidy to their own line of packets. But this second remonstrance of the Canadian Legislature had not time to cross the water before a new wrong was inflicted on them. The Galway contract was under consideration. Mr. LEVER's vote was in the market, and there was no time to be lost. The competition for the Irish service threatened to become so eager that the subsidy would be scarcely worth having. The Canadian Company entreated that they might be heard before another rival was subsidized in opposition to them; and the Treasury promised that their request should be taken into consideration. Then there was a line of steamers from Liverpool which had sustained itself for years without a subsidy at all, and was willing to carry the letters for the ocean postage alone; and this Company could only be quieted by an express promise of fair play. Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN was therefore directed to silence them by the assurance that it was the practice of the Treasury to afford to all parties the opportunity of competing for such services. Nothing could be more satisfactory; and the Liverpool Company waited for the appearance of the promised advertisement for tenders, when, instead of it, they saw the unexpected announcement that the contract had been given to Mr. LEVER, with the splendid subsidy of 3000*l.* a voyage. This decision was come to by Lord DERBY himself, in total ignorance of the pledges which had been given by the department over which he presided both to the Montreal and Liverpool Companies. We say nothing now about the party considerations which were supposed to have influenced this transaction, and are content to assume that the contract was entered into from the purest political motives. But, when this is conceded, the fact remains that a second time within a few years the Treasury was betrayed, by the precipitancy and want of information of its chiefs, into what was, on the face of it, a gross breach of faith.

Thus far we have scarcely adverted to the shameful waste of public money which the present system involves. The Committee state, on this subject, that the loss upon the North American subsidies is about 150,000*l.* a year, although competent Companies are prepared to undertake the service for the postage alone, so as to relieve the Government from the whole of this outlay. Another striking illustration of the extravagance of the subsidy system, as at present conducted, is supplied by a fact which the Committee record. The Montreal Packet Company have actually bound themselves to take the Galway contract off the hands of Mr. LEVER's Company, and to pay the enormous bonus of 25,000*l.*

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a-year for the privilege. They still expect to realize an adequate profit, after allowing Mr. LEVER this handsome annuity for doing nothing; and the inevitable inference is, that every year the Consolidated Fund is paying unnecessarily 25,000*l.* for the special encouragement of Galway, if not as a reward for Mr. LEVER's disinterested Conservatism.

As it appeared that in all these transactions the advice of the Admiralty was either not sought or not regarded upon the nautical questions involved, it was, perhaps rightly, decided that its influence should no longer be exercised in the furtherance of such transactions as the Dover Contracts; and Parliament anticipated the general report of the Committee by placing the business entirely in the hands of the Post Office, under the control of the Treasury. There is now a double, instead of a tripartite, responsibility, but no security has yet been devised that the Treasury shall ascertain the circumstances of each case before deciding upon it, or that it shall remember its own official promises a few weeks after they have been given. No machinery will exclude such abuses as the Committee have disclosed. The best regulations in the world will not compel a First Lord of the Treasury to inform himself of facts before he decides upon them, or to preserve official minutes from oblivion in the very office from which they have emanated. While administrators are reckless as to the consequences of their engagements, and careless even where the honour of their departments is concerned, we must expect to see, as heretofore, the public money wasted, the claims of enterprising colonies set aside, and the good faith of the Government itself deservedly impeached. Extravagance, favouritism, and corruption are the fruits not so much of bad system as of bad administrators. The faults which have been exposed are personal; and though we hope little from any change of organization, the publication of the Report will do good service if it induces men in office to suspend their decisions on matters of this kind until they have conscientiously inquired what course will be fair to competing interests, honourable to themselves, and conducive to the public interests.

EXCURSIONISTS.

FROM the beginning of June to the end of September, excursion tickets are granted on almost every English railway, and excursion trains bear down masses of humanity from cities to mountains and lakes. At Whitsuntide, on Midsummer Day, and on every fine Sunday, such places as Malvern and Buxton, at once famous, pretty, and accessible, are crowded with the most curious specimens of the British shopkeeper and artisan on an outing. The kindness that once vented itself in feasts of plum-cake and roast-beef now hurries off the objects of its sympathy to a green field, a running stream, and tea made with water partially boiled over a gipsy fire. The reasoning that shows these country expeditions to be salutary to body and mind finds its confirmation in the happy faces and excited spirits of the travellers. They indisputably like these excursions, and any one who watches them can see that the serious drawbacks which their pleasuring would present to the more refined are unfelt by those for whom the expeditions are planned. Experience proves what imagination can scarcely conceive—that excursionists do not mind the noisome smell of the third-class carriages in which they travel, the litter of orange-peel that serves them as an accumulating footstool, the tawdry finery of their women, or even the rampant joviality of the more admired of their males. Such is life; and as excursions have become a recognised and established feature of English society, we may be glad that so much has been added to the slender stock of enjoyment accessible to the moderately poor.

These country expeditions have their poetical and their prosaic side. And, as in everything else, the few feel the poetry, and the great majority exhibit the prose. The poetical side has often been painted in novels. The inhabitant of the town, long pent in foul streets and close air, goes out with his hardly-earned savings to see the quiet fields and taste the fresh breath of Heaven. For one day in the year he is absorbed in the nature which he loves. The stones preach him sermons, the little flowers have secrets for him that are too deep for tears. He shakes off the weight of his daily anxiety in the cheering presence of the friendly sun. The birds seem to twitter expressly that they may give a voice to the exuberance of his happiness, and the blue sky encircles him with its atmosphere of love. On the other hand, if we look at a large party of excursionists on a hill-side, we see something much more prosaic. The great bulk of the inhabitants of towns, it must be remembered, do not in the least care for the country. With nine persons out of ten, the love of scenery is entirely the result of education. Did any one ever know a lady's-maid who enjoyed travelling in Switzerland? The London poor do not in the least envy the country poor. They regard all existence out of London as a poor compromise, which offers so insignificant a thing as slightly better health in exchange for the activity of mind, the accessibility of pawnshops, and the opportunities of fugitive flirtations that characterize

London life. They like a day in the country, because they regard the country as a curious exhibition. They like a hillside, because climbing gives them something to do, sharpens their appetites, and offers a subject of giggling talk, and an occasion for practical jokes or obtrusive gallantry. They also applaud the pretty show of a rosy sunset or a sparkling waterfall; but they seem to regard the sight much as educated people would regard the pageants of the Surrey Gardens. It is a neat and rather striking arrangement that a hundred trees should glisten on a summer's night with little coloured lamps; and the excursionists regard it as an arrangement equally neat and striking that the red berries of the mountain ash should fringe a bubbling stream, and that the top of a hill should show them the map of a dozen counties. As has been often said, people see only what they bring. There are a few, a very few, in every excursion party, who see in the face of nature a provocative of their imagination, a cause for heartfelt thankfulness, and an embodiment of their brightest dreams. There are a good many at the other extreme who look on the country walk as an elaborate accompaniment to the serious business of untying the red pocket-handkerchief that contains the dinner. But the majority occupy the various intermediate degrees that lie between poetry and prose. Their endless shrieks of laughter, the obsequious attendance which the tipsy men exact from the half-tipsy women, and the air of supercilious wonder with which they look on the most magnificent landscapes, show that we must not impute to them any great amount of poetry, unless we are writing a novel. On the other hand, the hints that they subsequently let drop as they recal the day to their memory show that little touches of feeling have passed over their minds, and that they have had a dim sense of being in the presence of things greater than the things that usually occupy them. The poetry that exists in the mass is much feebler and fainter than it appears to the enthusiasm of the speculative and fanciful. But it exists, and it is perhaps good policy that those who conceive they write for the million should treat this poetry as if it were more abundant than it is.

As excursionists so evidently enjoy their excursions, those who watch them might be expected to watch them with pleasure. But this is not the feeling with which they are practically regarded. The residents in the favoured localities which are beautiful and attractive enough to form the object of an excursion, look on excursionists as a horde of barbarians, whose irruptions spoil peace, comfort, and poetry. A long familiarity with these lovely scenes, and many years of quiet enjoyment, seem to have given the dwellers on the hill-sides and in the valleys a vested right in the landscape. They resent vulgar and noisy people coming among them, and think that, after having laid out their money and passed their time in a retired spot, they have good claim to have their retirement protected. A little reflection would perhaps correct this notion. They did not rear the hills or hollow out the valleys. They did not lay on the clear water and pump freshness into the air. They found all the good things they enjoy; and if they look at the balance of human life, they must own that they have had far more than a proportionate share of the pleasures of scenery. By being the first to occupy such places as Malvern or Buxton, they have gained a great march over the poor excursionists. They have had their breezy walks and their tumbler of crystal water day after day. They spend months among the varying beauties of the seasons, whereas the barbarians, who have quite as much legal right to the enjoyment of hill and dale, generally do not get more than two or three days in the year. Such places do not belong to those who live there, but to all who can get there; and to live there is not a claim to an exclusive privilege, but an accidental gratification accorded, in the wise dispensations of Providence, to a few people who are blessed with a competence and are under no call to active life. It is rather too bad that persons with such an exceptionally favoured lot should complain of their less favoured neighbours for enjoying occasionally what belongs to all alike. If a shop full of jam-tarts were thrown open gratis to the pupils of a school, it would be a great advantage to some few if the master gave them a holiday. They could then eat their fill from morning to night; whereas those who were kept to lessons would only have the short space of play-hours to stuff. But it would be rather hard if the holiday boys were to complain of the fuss and disturbance caused by the arrival of their industrious companions, and say that there was really no comfort in strawberry-jam while the bulk of the school was eating. It would certainly not be so pleasant as when the shop was cooler and the tarts gobbled up in an orderly and decent way. But at the end of the day the favourites might be expected to remember with gratitude that their master had thought fit, for some good reason, to grant them several hours of quiet, peaceful tart-eating which he had denied to their playmates.

Excursionists are not exactly pleasant. No one can say they are. But we cannot but think that they may often be very useful to the people whose tranquillity they ruffle. Persons who live in these quiet places gradually place their whole enjoyment in being quiet. Their ideal comes to be like that of a secular Buddhism, and they occupy themselves in longing to be absorbed in nothing. To be without bores, and especially to escape all annoyance from their fellow-men, is the one great aim of their existence. It is a very good thing they should be routed out of this feeling. We will not urge the objection that this dis-

severance from human interests and sympathies is selfish, because they are generally good people, and, if driven to bay, will somehow prove to themselves that it is not selfish. But we may observe that this wish to escape bores defeats itself. The contest with small annoyances is to the mind what exercise is to the body. If through sloth we decline exercise, we have illnesses and pains much worse than the discomfort of facing the wind and rain. So, if the mind fixes itself on the means of escaping all disturbance of its tranquillity, it suffers much more from the stagnation and from the timidity thus engendered than it would have done if it had ventured to brave a little that was unpleasant. Nor ought it to be said that the love of scenery is a good thing, and that to love it is impossible if the refined and poetical soul is vexed by the presence of the mob. The greater the poet, the less he feels this. Stones, and trees, and water do not satisfy the heart of man. Wordsworth, in one of the most beautiful and philosophical of his poems, has told us that when very young he was contented with the contemplation of the external beauties of nature, but that, as he grew older, he found scenery insufficient unless he could hear in it "the still sad music of humanity." This is the poetical way of saying that human interests must be mixed up with the enjoyment of scenery. There is too much greatness in man to allow him to taste fully the pleasures of surveying nature unless he feels willing to share with others what is given him to enjoy. The first thought is to long for what Byron longed for—a single companion in a hermitage, a ministering spirit amid the lonely vastness of the universe. But as the incidents of real life complicate our interests, and widen the circle of our observation, we feel that we cannot set any limit to the number of those whom in imagination we like to paint as participating in our enjoyment. Excursionists afford a useful test of the genuineness of this feeling. They are not poetical companions on a hill side. The music of their humanity is seldom sad, and never still. But they have the great recommendation that they are not an abstraction. They are there, in flesh and blood, to enjoy, after their own rudimentary fashion, what we enjoy, and it is within the compass of educated benevolence to wish them well through the day. If his mind is imbued with a little of Wordsworth's philosophy, a man standing at a reasonable distance may watch without repugnance their ways and works, the savage familiarity of their meals, the feathers and beads that decorate their women, and the pretended tumbles that interfere with their climbing.

As every year the number of excursionists will certainly increase, and as the prettiest and most accessible spots in England will be thronged with strangers, whether the residents like it or not, it is good policy to learn to endure as patiently as we can what it is not in our power to hinder. And if we examine the lives of the inhabitants of large cities, and ascertain the physical evils with which they have incessantly to combat, we cannot avoid taking delight, according to the measure of our benevolence, in the spectacle of these expeditions. It is an excellent thing that on fine Sundays in summer, and on their few holidays, the dwellers in London and other large towns should get away to the seaside and to the hills. Something, however, ought to be done to put Sunday excursions on a better footing. The Puritanical theory of Sunday still prevails sufficiently to make many excursionists feel rather uneasy, although it does not hinder them from getting the fresh air which they feel almost indispensable for soul as well as for body. The consequence is, that as the burden of an imaginary sin is thus cast on them, they dissociate the excursion altogether from religious ordinances. In this way excursions do harm, but that is not the fault of the excursionists. When they are doing right, they are told they are doing wrong, and this makes them do right in a wrong way. The remedy seems to us obvious. Excursionists should be assured they are doing right, but they should be exhorted to make religious worship a part of the day's proceedings. This cannot be done at the places to which they resort. There is no room for them in the ordinary churches, and as to special out-of-doors services, we confess we regard them with considerable distrust. Excursionists would, perhaps, listen languidly to a preacher who chose to address them when they were reposing on the grass; but he would only be regarded as a part, and a dull part, of the holiday programme, and it is not a desirable employment of a sermon that it should be used to whet the appetite for muffins and shrimps. The service should precede the entertainment, and be offered in the place where the excursionists are at home. Short early services in their own parish churches are the proper preliminary to their holiday. Of course a large proportion of the excursionists would never go. People who are bent on pleasure are not apt to care much for early church-going. But the few who are not mere pleasure-seekers would enjoy and profit by their excursion a hundred times more if they had first gone with their children to church, and felt that their excursion on Sunday was indisputably lawful. It is these tender consciences that suffer at present, and a wise charity would give itself some trouble to make proper provision for quieting their scruples.

THE POPE'S OWN.

THE recruiting sergeants of his Holiness appear to be making no little progress among the finest peasantry in the world. The Limerick and Tipperary boys are starting in large numbers for the Holy City, with the firm determination of making a hare

of Garibaldi, if they have an opportunity of doing so. Upon their arrival at Civita Vecchia they are to have a green uniform and the Pope's blessing—a prospect which would have turned the head of St. Patrick himself. When we add to this that they have a capital chance of coming in for a row, we can understand their enthusiasm. It is the same kind of longing that fills the soul of every son of Erin when he hears the sound of shillelaghs in the next parish. "Whillaloo!" he cries; "come along, Pat, ye devil, the boys are latherin' one another's heads." Why should the Italians have all the fun to themselves? From Cape Clear to Ballycastle, each Irishman regards it as a burning shame that he is prevented from casting his stone upon the waters. The thought that there is a conflict going on somewhere else becomes at last insupportable. To fight for anybody or for nobody would be better than not fighting at all; but to fight for "St. Pether and the Blessed Vargin" is a temptation that would upset an anchorite. And a green and illigant uniform, with a harp upon it, presents a crowning and irresistible attraction that would seduce a whole army, and make them set out, barefoot, with nothing but potatoes in their pockets, to-morrow for Jerusalem, if his reverence Dr. MacHale gave the word.

We pause for one moment to refute an atrocious and deliberate calumny which some Saxon journals have propagated respecting the crusading force. Protestant papers console themselves with the poor malice of representing the Irish volunteers as starved and miserable specimens of their race. We have the authority of the *Tablet* for saying that this statement is as false in fact as it is pitiful in intention. The volunteers, as a body, are all that can be desired—their *physique* is quite up to the mark, and their appetites, though healthy, are not extravagant. On the other hand, we think that the *Tablet*, though it cannot be too susceptible to any slur cast upon its co-religionists, shows a decided and deplorable leaning to the errors of muscular Christianity. It is not justified in bearing so hardly upon those who have the misfortune not to be fat. Of all papers in the world the *Tablet* is the last that ought to object to emaciation. Nor ought "shoemakers, tailors, butchers, boatmen, and runners" to be repudiated by any intelligent people, or undervalued as military material. Any view which estimates crusaders simply according to their size is not only inaccurate, but uncharitable. A thin man often makes a capital soldier. It was part of the military genius of Falstaff that he preferred thin men. "Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big assemblance of a man?" he says. "Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Give me the spare men, and spare me the great men." There were Shadow and Feeble, both admirable fellows, and both thin men—and the latter not only a tailor, but a woman's tailor. The Knight of La Mancha was a thin man. So we would say to our saintly contemporary, "Give us the spirit, Master *Tablet*, give us the spare men!" But even supposing for an instant that the volunteers were in the last stage of consumption, which we hope and believe is not the case, there is a way by which they may be at once restored to health and vigour. Some three weeks ago, the *Tablet* tells us, his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman had a severe attack of illness, which was very near proving fatal. So violent was the pain, that he thought he was going to expire, when "suddenly he thought of the Blessed Benedict Labré," who was going to be beatified on the morrow, and invoked his assistance. Taken at rather a disadvantage by being thus suddenly thought of, the Blessed Benedict appears to have been unable to refuse it. Immediately the pain ceased, and the Cardinal was greatly relieved. We recommend any volunteer who is uncomfortably thin to follow his Eminence's example, and suddenly to think of the Blessed Benedict Labré, who perhaps was thin himself, or at all events would know some other Blessed Benedict who was. By thus suddenly thinking of, and, as it were, capturing your saint when he is not on the look-out, it is astonishing what wonders may be performed.

The crusaders are leaving their native shores in the midst of a great deal of enthusiasm. The flags are flying and the crowds are cheering at every railway-station. The bands have orders to play "Go where Glory waits thee" until further notice. The locomotives, blessed all along the line by his reverence the priest of their parish, move up and down in all the conscious security of holy water and of "Scriptur names." The young women—God bless them—are naturally everywhere much affected at the sight of so much devotion. Among other things, we learn from the Irish papers that the friends and families of the departing volunteers, so far from exhibiting any grief at the separation, display all the symptoms of a holy and chastened joy. This must be very consoling to the volunteers as Christians, but, perhaps, not quite so flattering to them as men. The resignation which their acquaintance show at the prospect of their approaching departure may be explained without the aid of supernatural agency, though the Irish journals seem to consider it as little short of a miracle. Enthusiasm is enthusiasm, and it is all very well to make the most of a crusader before he starts. But there is moderation in all things, and, if we were the crusaders, we should feel inclined to say what Sir Larry O'Rourke said to his lady on his deathbed:—"I could stand your crying, my love, but dammee if I can stand your resignation."

It is currently reported that a considerable portion of the Irish constabulary force are joining the expedition. We do not know that their loss will be irreparable, as, among the many bright virtues that distinguish the Irish police, that of being in the right

place at the right time is not generally supposed to be the most conspicuous. Hitherto they have generally been in the habit of coming rather late for the fun, just in time to see the hoofs of the horses. It has been apparently their duty to arrive at the scene of action about two hours after some one has been shot, and they have usually acquiesced with cheerfulness in the Providential arrangement by which, in Ireland, the authors of great crimes seem destined to be always left unnoticed and unknown. Among the crusaders they will very likely come across many old acquaintances. Indeed, now that the crusaders are going, the police can be better spared. On the whole, it is very nice and proper, and perhaps to the advantage of the country, that we should let them pair off. They will have plenty to talk about on the journey, and some of the crusaders will no doubt teach the police shooting and light infantry movements by the way. This excitement among the Irish constabulary is one more illustration of the superiority of the Celt to the Saxon. We should be strongly inclined to suspect that Saxon policemen, as a body, are deplorably deficient in religious sentiment. We never, for instance, heard of an English policeman being "revived." The English "Peeler" is a stern being, who combines the strictness of the Puritan with the scepticism of the man of the world. He considers sentiment, in the main, as synonymous with gammon. He stands at street-corners, and takes a bird's-eye view of mankind. He converses chiefly with elderly females. He fixes cabmen with his grey, cold eye. He represses enthusiasm among the juvenile population. He is a Peripatetic philosopher, and regards all classes of his fellow-creatures with dry severity, as men who may some day require to be taken up. Capable, it is true, of Platonic affection, on the whole, he loves perhaps rather wisely than too well. He has a strong sense of what is due to society and religion, but would order Ignatius Loyola himself, not to say the Archbishop of Canterbury, if necessary, to move on. How different appears to be the Celt! Though he has become a constable he has not ceased to be a man. He has the passions of his kind. He has genius, he has a soul, and is capable of sympathizing with the joys and sorrows of his race. He has not been infected with the cold cynicism of the world. Now, at last, the humble policeman receives his call, and has his mission given him. He is wanted to fight for his Holiness. The Pope has asked for the police. The Cardinals are all asking where is the police:—

Hark! they whisper—angels say,
Brother Bobby, come away.

Why should not a policeman be ultimately canonized as well as any one else, and become the sainted patron of all constables to the end of time?

So constables and enthusiasts all are off, hurry skurry, to join that remarkable body of troops who are to be dignified with the name of the Pope's Own. They will find themselves a strange company when they are all collected. That mercenary hirelings should join the army of the Pope as soon as any other, is intelligible. That Austrian and Spanish fanatics, whose conceptions of political liberty are about on a par with their notions of religious toleration, should be anxious to serve the most lying and cruel Government but one in Europe, is also natural. But that Frenchmen and Irishmen, who have had the privilege of knowing what a civilized and free Government is like, should be so led away by fanatical insanity as to be ready to fight for despotic terrorism against liberty and progress, is really horrible. The French have at least this excuse—that the Catholic movement is with them a means of annoying the Government, and protesting against any step which may weaken the only rival power now left in France to be a check upon Imperialism. But the Irish Ultramontanists have no such political palliative to allege. This crusade, in their case, is sheer superstitious intolerance. Some months back, Young Ireland was all for nationalities, revolution, liberty, and Napoleonism. Now it is all against nationalities and in favour of the Powers that be. The ignorant clergy of Ireland have much to answer for. We may judge of what Popery is on a large scale by what it is on a little one. What a curse the Pope must have been to Italy, if his missionaries and ministers have been such a bane to the sister island! With all their absurdity, these poor fellows who are going out to do battle for they know not what have the making of real heroes in them. They will fight, no doubt, well enough, if the miasmas and fevers of Ancona do not anticipate the bullets of the revolutionary army, and cut short their brief career of crusade. But they are flinging away their lives on the most desperate and the most worthless of causes. Irishmen are always doing something of the kind. It is impossible to be angry with the simple peasantry who are so ready to devote themselves for their religion—it is impossible not to be indignant with those who urge them on. The Roman Catholic priests of Ireland, in addition to their other sins, will have to answer for the blood of this little army of Barnaby Rudes.

THE CUP DAY AT ASCOT.

THE Cup Day at Ascot is an aristocratic, whereas the Derby Day at Epsom is becoming every year more and more essentially a plebeian festival. It is true that "every body"—at least of the male sex—goes to the Derby; but then "every body" is but a drop in the bucket of all London which is emptied upon Epsom Downs. At Ascot you may see "every body" of both sexes; and although the railway offers now very

large facilities to "nobody," the distance, and the consideration perhaps that one holiday in the year ought to suffice, do certainly operate to preserve to rank and fashion something like an undivided reign. It is, however, to be feared that the exertions of the railway companies will in time make even a visit to Ascot vulgar. The presence of the Queen and Court has to be set against the gradual encroachment of the unknown and noisy. Hitherto, Royal countenance has kept Ascot fashionable, but if it were to be even temporarily withdrawn, we should fear that nobility and beauty could no longer hold their own against the million.

But, happily, thus far, the glories of Ascot have not grown dim. It is true that Lord Palmerston did not allow "his well-known love of British sports" to tempt him into yielding to the suggestion of a Parliamentary adjournment to Ascot Heath. It has been ill-naturedly remarked that the Premier might have been more compliant if he had had a horse entered for the Cup; but that is an unjust aspersion. Lord Palmerston reluctantly declined to adopt the sporting member's proposition because of his deep anxiety to proceed with the debate on the Reform Bill. This truth is so obvious that it only needs stating to produce conviction. The House of Commons, at least in theory, abstained from betting and champagne, and either did not go to Ascot, or returned at an early hour, intent upon amending the representation. It happened that, in the House of Lords, Thursday evening had been fixed for a motion on the same subject. We shall probably hear complaints that the aristocracy care too much for horse-racing and too little for vote by ballot. But it may suffice to answer that Lord Teynham's resolutions were certain to perish of their own absurdity; and therefore the seductions of Ascot Heath are in no degree answerable for the result. Neither Lords nor Commons officially patronized the Cup Day. The Crown, however, which is for some purposes powerless in the Constitution, possesses on this point a supreme dominion. It is hopeless for patriotic Lords and business-like members to contend against the influence of Royalty. If there were any drawback to the completeness of the festival of Thursday the cause of it must be sought, not in patriotism or fashion, but in the weather. It rained in the morning, and nobody could tell that it would not rain all day, and the wind has lately played such unseasonable tricks that a hurricane among the canvas booths and wine-bottles seemed not an impossible catastrophe. Certainly the courage with which so many delicate frames and splendid dresses braved the capricious elements was in the highest degree admirable. Happily, too, that courage won the fortune it deserved. The wind was only strong and cold, and did not attempt any universal *bouleversement* of racing properties. The rain moderated beyond hope and—though it may be an anarchical remark—truth obliges us to add that, after the Queen left, the sun actually began to shine.

But, as a betting man complained, the intrusion of these holiday folks—by which he meant the presence of the Queen, Prince Consort, Heir-Apparent, Court, nobility, and beauty of England, and of all who came to look at them—does seriously interfere with business. Our friend would propose to rail-off Royalty and its followers and worshippers, so that fashion and frivolity may not in future disturb book-making. Let us, in imitation of this practical character, commence in a separate paragraph what we have to say about the running for the Cup.

The interest of this and similar races is derived mainly from the opportunities they afford of bringing together in the same field, and upon what are meant to be equal terms, the horses who have gained the foremost honours of the turf in different years. The winners of the Derby and Oaks are generally considered, until the contrary is proved, to be, each in its own sex, the best three-year olds that have come out. But this supposed superiority may be disproved by the result of later races among three-year olds; and besides, in the contests for the Ascot and other cups, the Derby and Oaks victors and favourites of former years appear to try the quality of their successors, carrying, of course, an additional weight in consideration of their more mature strength. It was rather disappointing that, with such a comprehensive range of qualification, the Ascot Cup this year brought only seven starters to the post. The great deficiency was to every body that of Thormanby, whose splendid performance for the Derby excited the highest expectation of future triumphs. But either Thormanby is not himself just now, or it was thought that the length and heaviness of the course might not suit him, and it was known early in the week that he would not appear. Neither Wizard nor Horror, the second and third of the Derby horses, were entered for the Cup; but Butterfly, the winner of the Oaks, and Rupee—who had been, apparently on good grounds, the favourite—and one or two more who ran for it, were entered; and Butterfly and Rupee came to the post, along with Promised Land, the much-celebrated Derby favourite of last year, and Gamester, the winner of last year's St. Leger, and three horses of lesser note. The utmost curiosity was felt about the famous but deceitful Promised Land. He came forth, looking as well as he could look—absolutely beautiful and faultless in all but the most experienced eyes—and failed not to delude the public into making him, a third time, but not quite decisively, the favourite. "To please the eye and grieve the heart," is the fate of this speedy and elegant, but unreliable "crack" of 1859. And then there is Gamester, who beat Pro-

mitted Land for the St. Leger. Nothing has been heard of this hero since his victory, either good or bad. It must be owned that, like some other great characters, Gamester scarcely looks his greatness; and besides, he has bandages on his fore-legs. However, he won the St. Leger with a bandage upon one of them, and perhaps the tying-up of both may be symbolical of a second victory over Promised Land. Next, if not before, in their claims to notice, stand Butterfly, who won the Oaks, and Rupee, whom some persons maintain to be visibly a better animal than Butterfly. Last comes Newcastle, a moderately good horse, who came out last year, and won, among other prizes, the Doncaster Cup—Magnum, another of last year's horses—and Weatherbound, who belongs to the present year. Really it is almost impossible to feel anything like an approach to confidence in picking a winner out of the lot. Our faith in the Promised Land is not higher than that of the children of Israel when they vexed the heart of Moses in the Wilderness. Gamester, as we said, does not look all that perhaps he really is, and although trust in John Scott may safely be blind at Doncaster, we want a tangible reason for our confidence upon these southern fields. The two fillies are almost unquestionably the best of the present year, and yet they are not, perhaps, very good. At any rate, they would scarcely be backed on the usual terms against either of the three first horses in the Derby; or, if they would, this year's St. Leger will probably afford to their admirers an opportunity of risking, and it may be of losing, handsome sums. It is to be remembered that the Cup course at Ascot is two miles and a half long, or a mile longer than the Derby and Oaks course. It has been raining almost incessantly ever since the Oaks was run, and at what is known to *habitués* as "the bottom of the hill," is something very like a bog, and the race finishes with the hill itself, which is a terrible pull for a light young thing that has been painfully struggling through the mire. Butterfly and Rupee are both very pretty fillies, and the latter, at any rate, does not want muscle. Still they are not the frame of animal on which one has been used to see an owner's colours borne triumphantly over a long and heavy course. On the other hand, the fillies, in consideration of their age and sex, carry twenty-three pounds less weight than Promised Land and Gamester, and it will need a very good and sound horse indeed to contend successfully, amid the mud and up the hill, under that severe condition. All things considered, the mystery is so very dark, that when the horses are actually off, and have rounded the course, and are entering upon the final struggle, a shout of "Weatherbound wins"—raised under some optical delusion—lingers for a moment on the mind before the notion is dismissed as quite extravagant. Weatherbound, as they say, has "made the running" in the early part of the race, and is contented with a humble position in the rear now. His jockey could not hold him back at starting, and at finishing he cannot urge him forward. Promised Land, to his admirers' comfort, is well in front; but, alas! as the horses near the stand it is seen in a glance that he has had enough. It is just Doncaster over again. There is beauty, grace, and speed. Enough is done to give high hopes of victory, and then the weak place is hit and he falls away. The two fillies have powder left when Promised Land has expended his last grain. They stretch well out in the final rush, and after a thoroughly game struggle Rupee is declared the winner by a mere head. To finish such a race in such a way shows that these fillies are made of the right stuff, and we begin to think that in our comments before the race they scarcely received their due meed of praise. But all this while where is that champion of the North, Gamester? It is melancholy to relate that Gamester could not do it, and so Alderott pulled him up, and he walked in soberly, looking much the worse for his ineffectual exertions. And this is a winner of the St. Leger! Truly the changes and chances of the turf are infinite.

And now, having done with business, let us, with our energetic friend's permission, take down the partition which we had raised to keep out that splendid pageant of the Queen, and Court, and loyal people, which interrupted us in making a good book. Instead of shouting any longer with frantic air and brandished book and pencil, "I'll bet against Promised Land!" let us clear our throats, and take off our hats, and give a cheer to England's present Queen and future King as they drive in long procession past the stand and down the hill, homewards. Let us be loyal and respectful, although certainly one has a lurking feeling that it would be very nice to mount the great officers of State upon the Sovereign's carriage-horses, and start them for a sweepstakes over the last mile. To her many other claims to a subject's gratitude the Queen adds this—that it is her example that has brought all these beautiful and graceful women to Ascot Heath, in defiance of the most adverse weather. People may go to Ascot to see the Queen, or to see the ladies, or to see the races, or to see all combined. May these attractions long continue to act as powerfully and as harmoniously as they have this week done.

A FINAL ARCTIC SEARCH.

IT may interest some of our readers to know that an attempt is being made to organize what, if it is ever sent out, will in all probability be the last Arctic expedition in search of the relics of the Franklin expedition. The plans and prospects of the projected enterprise are curious and interesting. The head of it is

Mr. Parker Snow, a gentleman whose works have more than once been noticed in these columns, and who is entitled to the credit of having been the first, or nearly the first, person to indicate by conjecture the place at which the remains of Sir John Franklin's party would be found—an indication which Captain M'Clintock's expedition ascertained to be well-founded. Mr. Snow's plan is to purchase and equip for two years—if he succeeds in obtaining the necessary amount of subscriptions for that purpose—a small vessel, which he intends to man with a very few picked hands. He proposes to sail from this country about the end of the present or the beginning of next year, and to proceed by Cape Horn and Behring's Straits along the open water which is usually found along the north coast of North America, until he reaches, from the west, a point somewhat to the south of that at which Captain M'Clintock discovered the boat, the cairn, and the letter which form the most authentic memorials of the fate of the lost expedition. The principal objects of his search would be twofold—the recovery of additional records and documents relating to Sir John Franklin, and the discovery of more authentic information than has as yet been obtained in any shape of the fate of the large party which left the ships on their journey southwards, and of whom absolutely nothing positive has ever been ascertained.

Such a plan may no doubt appear at first sight very unlikely to be productive of good, and to many persons the means which it is intended to employ may seem inadequate; but several considerations upon each of these points, which may not present themselves at a first glance, deserve to be taken into consideration. In the first place, there is a broad distinction between public or quasi-public undertakings and private adventures. There can be no doubt that there is no longer sufficient ground to hope that any of Sir John Franklin's party survive to justify the Government in appropriating public money to the purpose of searching for them, or in inducing officers and seamen to risk lives of the highest value to their country in such a service. With private adventurers the case is very different. If a small number of men, with their eyes fully open to the nature of the undertaking in which they are to be engaged, and well acquainted with its dangers, deliberately determine to run the risk of such a search, and if they can prevail on the public to enable them to do so, it seems, on the whole, a pity that they should not have the opportunity of carrying out their plan. The object in view may not be one of national importance, and it is certainly not a national duty to effect it; but if the scheme were carried out with any considerable share of success, the result would be very curious and interesting, and would be well worth the sum (not much over 3000*l.*) which would have been laid out in obtaining it. Whatever mystery may overhang some parts of Sir John Franklin's last expedition, it appears to be abundantly clear that the explorations which he completed were nearly, if not quite, the most remarkable that have occurred in the long list of Arctic voyages. His northerly voyage round Cornwallis Land must have been full of curious incidents and observations, and the whole account of the three years during which he struggled against the horrors and dangers of his situation must be one of the most singular of all histories of courage and adventure. It is hardly conceivable that all records of it should have entirely vanished away, and it is no injustice to Captain M'Clintock to say that the inquiries which he had the opportunity of making were of necessity incomplete. Every credit is due both to him and to Lieutenant Hobson for their gallantry and endurance, but it seems highly improbable that they should have pitched upon the only cairn and the only record which could throw any light at all upon the history or the fate of the expedition. The log-books, journals, and other documents of the party would be of the highest conceivable interest. The survivors would naturally attach the greatest importance to them, and would, if forced to leave them, do their best to furnish indications as to the place in which they might be found. It would seem therefore that, as we now know the exact place where the ships were abandoned, and part at least of the route which the party took after leaving them, there must be a really good prospect of discovering some detailed information as to their proceedings which would be valuable and curious in a very high degree. Captain M'Clintock's discoveries, no doubt, go far enough to dispense with the necessity of further search, but they also excite a strong curiosity to know what would be the result of one; and if a knot of private persons are willing to make this experiment at their own risk, it would, on the whole, be not undesirable that they should do so.

The hope that there may still be some survivors of the unfortunate expedition, or that any very trustworthy information will be obtained as to the fortunes of the party which left the ship, certainly does seem faint in the extreme. There are, no doubt, several instances on record which show that life in the far North is not so unhealthy, and that the difficulty of sustaining it is not so overwhelmingly great, as the vague popular notions on the subject seem to assume it to be. In spite of the frightful hardships to which they were exposed, Dr. Hayes and his party contrived to maintain themselves amongst the natives, though they had hardly any shelter, and next to no provisions. It does, however, seem almost incredible that, if any considerable number of Sir John Franklin's crew survived for any considerable time, they should not, in the course of twelve years, have found any means of effecting their escape.

It may appear to many persons that the peril attendant

upon such an expedition as the one which is proposed would be so serious that no one ought to be encouraged to incur it; but, independently of the consideration that this is rather a question for those who run the risk than for those who enable them to do so, the danger would not seem to be as great in fact as it appears to be at first sight. Almost everything is, in reality, far less dangerous than a graphic description of it makes it appear to be. This is not owing to boasting or exaggeration on the part of the authors of such descriptions—and certainly nothing can, as a rule, be simpler or more manly than the descriptions of Arctic voyages—but to the fact that the imagination is influenced, and the memory impressed, with the picturesque and striking circumstances which constitute the danger, and not with the minute and commonplace incidents by which the danger is averted. Any one who has ever made the ascent of a mountain, or crossed a glacier in Switzerland, knows quite well how many scores of places he has passed over which could only be described in language from which a person who had never seen such places would infer that it must be in the highest degree dangerous to approach them; yet they are not really dangerous to any one who has good nerves, and who is particular in taking the precautions for his safety which experience has discovered. The proof of this is that, in point of fact, accidents hardly ever do happen on such occasions, and when they do they may almost always be attributed to carelessness or neglect. A very similar remark applies to Arctic explorations. The number of catastrophes that have occurred have, after all, been surprisingly few. Sir John Franklin's expedition is, indeed, the only one of the large number that have been sent out within the last fifteen years that has met with entire destruction.

It may also be urged that the means with which Mr. Snow proposes to undertake his expedition are inadequate. After sending out so many and such elaborate vessels, it may appear incongruous to despatch at last a small schooner manned with a mere handful of men. This objection is hardly sustained by experience. The most successful expeditions which have ever been undertaken to the North have been accomplished with very small means. Captain McClintock had a small vessel and very few men, and Dr. Kane's means were still more limited; yet in each instance very conspicuous and memorable services were performed. Indeed, a small party is, in several respects, better fitted for such a purpose than a large one. A few men, all well acquainted with each other, and all intent upon a common object, are far more likely to be friendly, and to have a good common understanding, than a larger number. They will also naturally be chosen with more distinct reference to personal qualifications, and may therefore be presumed to know and have confidence in each other before they set out.

Such are some of the considerations which are alleged in favour of the proposed expedition. They may not perhaps raise a very sanguine expectation of its success, but they certainly seem to relieve it from the imputation of being either hopeless or uncalled for. Indeed, when an enterprise which is unquestionably bold and disinterested asks for public support, the burden of proof is rather upon those who discourage it. Arctic exploration has contributed so many very bright pages to our naval history that we cannot help feeling what is perhaps an unreasonable leaning in favour of a proposal to add one more to the long list of gallant adventures by which its annals have been distinguished.

THE PARADISE OF BORES.

THE age we live in seems to be the "good time coming" come at last for many an oppressed nationality. It is an era of general emancipation when all the races that have been despised and trampled on are rising to honour in their turn. It was fitting that the long-oppressed community of the Bores should not be excluded from this universal restitution. For a long time they have been the scoff and the byword of a proud intellectual aristocracy in the House of Commons. Intellect has coughed them down, scraped its boots at them, counted them out, yelled "Divide" directly they showed their faces. It has laughed at them in speeches, twitted them in newspapers, and taken every opportunity of pelting them with sarcasms which it knew their peculiar mental constitution would prevent them from returning. But the day of redress has come at last. The Bore has become one of the most honoured characters in the House of Commons. That body is diverting itself with a revival of those ponderous festivities of mediæval times, when the Boy-Bishop or the Abbot of Misrule took precedence of his masters, and issued his orders superciliously to those with whose insults his ears were still tingling and with whose buffets his bones were still sore. The Bore is taking a lead in the debates which, in more sober times, when we are not engaged in playing out the Merrie Masque of Reform, is reserved for orators and statesmen. Nor do men honour him for nothing. He is the saviour of his country. He is the barricade behind which men burdened with pledges may lie down and rest awhile. Like an earthwork, he may seem to be made of very homely stuff, and may even be looked upon as soft; but he gives to the Constitution a cover under fire which steel and granite would fail to furnish. Therefore he need fear no sarcasms now. The coughs and interruptions of which he was once the victim are reserved now for the intellect that used to scorn him. His utterances are listened to patiently, almost

reverently, by the House of Commons; and as he stammers forth, with embarrassed perseverance, platitudes after platitudes, and as minute chases minute on the dial, members look up with wonder that borders on admiration at that marvellous gift of brass to which, if to any human intervention, they feel that their seats in the next Parliament will be due. No dinner time now impedes his eloquence. There are no sacred hours, bordering upon midnight, and reserved for the great orators, on which his foot is forbidden now to stray. At any time and on any subject, at any length and with any frequency, his voice is sweetest melody to the ears of the House of Commons. Every five minutes that he speaks is a drop of life-blood out of the arteries of Reform. The longer the geese cackle, the safer the Capitol will be.

For some time past, this tenderness to Bores has ruled the tone, not only of the Reform, but of all other debates in the House of Commons. On Monday night, however, Lord John seems to have sighed for a little relief from the severe course of constitutional commonplace through which he has been condemned to pass. After enduring it for a few hours, he jumped up to make a diversion by poking Mr. Disraeli, oratorically speaking, in the ribs. But he did so in a fashion with which we are sure his constitutional conscience has long ere now reproached him. Was it ever heard at Holland House that a Secretary of State should answer a periodical in the House of Commons? We are certain that it was never done by Charles James Fox, and that it was never recommended in Magna Charta. But Lord John has himself, in days gone by, suffered from a "ribald press," and he may be well supposed to sympathize with the illustrious victim of an "obscure writer." It is difficult to say whether it was impish malice or blundering friendship that induced him to offer Mr. Disraeli his own testimonials of character as a set-off for the reproaches of the *Quarterly Review*. What the Conservatives seem to be complaining of is that Mr. Disraeli has damaged their virgin reputation by an unblushing flirtation with Reform. They are not likely, therefore, to be materially consoled by the assurance that Lord John, the chief patron of the Reform Bill, is satisfied with Mr. Disraeli's political conduct. A Spartan father, who should object that his gay Guardsman son was too fond of ballet-girls, would hardly be mollified by a written certificate of amiability from the principal danseuse at the Opera. Whether Lord John's well-meant mediation will leave a similar impression on the minds of the party he was addressing will, of course, depend on the acuteness of their intelligence—which is an unknown quantity. But Mr. Disraeli did not seem at all to relish the offer of foreign intervention in fighting it out with his mutinous subjects. Lord John will, no doubt, gather from the slashing invective with which his proffer of good offices was responded to that he had better, on future occasions, keep his breath to cool his own porridge. The internal dissensions of parties are like the quarrels of husband and wife. The kind neighbour or pompous little busybody who should interfere to set them right will probably return from his errand with a thirdman's proverbial fate. After this lively episode the Bores resumed their temporarily interrupted sway. A gleam of light was struck out by Mr. Bright's affected indignation at being supposed to advocate universal suffrage. Possibly he may never have used the words. But a man who habitually parades before our eyes, with indignant comments and menacing prophecies, the number of adult males who have no votes, can hardly be looked upon as the victim of a calumny if he is accused of wishing to give them votes. And, not satisfied with perpetually dwelling on the excluded millions whom he still disclaims all wish to enfranchise, he built up on Thursday night an airy castle of imaginary statistics to prove that their aggregate incomes are as nearly as possible equal to those of all other classes. It is discreditable to his boasted trust in his countrymen that he did not give in his adhesion to universal suffrage the moment he made this notable discovery. The only puzzle to the members who look upon all figures with a religious awe, without inquiring too narrowly into their parentage, must have been to find out by what conceivable exercise of ingenuity these wealthy workmen contrive to escape the possession of a forty-shilling freehold, or at least the tenancy of a ten-pound house.

If it had not been for some lively declamation at the end of his speech, Mr. Bright almost deserved to be enumerated among the triumphant fraternity of whose saturnalia we have spoken. His eloquence is always straitened by the ill-fitting garb of civility which he thinks it expedient to don in the House of Commons. Cleon in a court dress must needs be a constrained and somewhat awkward figure. It is not fair to inflict so much disappointment upon new visitors to the Gallery of the House of Commons. They feel they have been taken in when they listen to an effusion of milk-and-water, well mixed and studiously diluted, and are told that the mouth from which it flows is that which delivers such stinging philippics on Lancashire and Yorkshire platforms. On Thursday night, he was fain to fill the place of the epigrams that would have tickled the ears of a less dreaded audience with a minute report of the financial condition of a Friendly Society of the working men in Rochdale. It was an amusingly commercial method of defending their impugned morality. No doubt, a strike that has recently taken place against a certain firm in that town has forced him to enter a good deal into the condition of the working men, and his mind is just now full of the figures. But the enigma remains unsolved,

how the possessors of such ample funds can have failed to attain the luxury of a ten-pound house. Possibly, being practical men, and accustomed to solid returns for their investments, they are not very keen about the privilege of selecting the eight-thousandth part of a member for Rochdale. The point, however, that gave a sting to a speech which sounded very like a valedictory address to the little Bill was undoubtedly the indirect manner in which the House has tried to shelve what it dared not negative. Mr. Bright's remarks on this point were only too powerful, and will be echoed by every one who loves manliness in England. It is well for us that no such storm as he portrayed—no famine at home or revolution abroad—has tried the mettle of our faint-hearted rulers. The See of Rome was held to be self-condemned in England when it betrayed that there was one question on which it dared not decide. We recommend the House of Commons to cultivate the virtue of courage in the recess, or they may find that the contempt for cowardice which of old sealed the Reformation still lives to aid in hurrying on Reform.

THE LAW OF STRIKES.

WE took occasion last week to express our deep regret at the prospect of a renewed endeavour on the part of the building operatives to dictate terms to their employers, and our entire disbelief in the pretences put forward in Mr. Potter's programme of the ensuing campaign. The agreeable fiction of a happy mechanic compensating his master by increased cordiality for the loss of an hour's work, and devoting the moments snatched from toil to the cultivation of the moral graces, could impose upon no one whose passions still allowed room for reasonable inquiry. From every quarter warnings and remonstrances have been heard, which must, we should hope, have convinced all but the most infatuated of Mr. Potter's victims of the hopelessness of the crusade upon which they are starting, and of the very small degree of sympathy which they can expect from any other class of the community. No well-wisher to society can look forward without the most painful anxiety to the general loss and inconvenience, the wide-spread privation, the heart-burnings, jealousies, and animosities which this sort of social warfare engenders. A strike is a pitched battle, in which, contrary to the usages of civilized hostilities, the women and children are the first to suffer, and which, when commenced on such unfair grounds as in the present instance, must result either in deservedly disgraceful defeat or in a victory of which the conquerors themselves would be among the first to feel the disastrous results.

But it is not on the prudence or morality of the threatened movement that we now wish to dwell. The legal aspect of the question is a most curious one, and the history of past legislation on the subject throws great light on the earlier conditions of English society, and on the tardy growth of sound economical principles amongst us. The uncertain condition of the law with reference to combinations of workmen, and the great probability that some question concerning them will before long again find its way into our Courts, has naturally called professional attention to the subject; and a pamphlet has just appeared, which gives a sketch of the mode in which the Legislature from the earliest times has dealt with the relations of employer and labourer, and of the causes which have led to the somewhat unsatisfactory indistinctness in which the matter is at present involved. This uncertainty arises, first, from the different constructions which various judges have put upon the two statutes (6 George 4. c. 129, and 22 Vic. c. 34), which at present regulate the subject; and, secondly, from vague doctrines as to the common law of conspiracy, which have been affirmed by some judges and discountenanced by others. With respect both to the statute and the common law, the author, Mr. Longe, contends for a more favourable view of the position of workmen than some recent decisions would appear to warrant. He traces the progress of the various "statutes of labourers," and "statutes of apprentices," which from the time of Edward III. continually checked any attempted alteration of the customary wages, either on the part of masters or of servants. At one time, we find a statute complaining that labourers, "having no regard to the ordinance, but to their own singular ease and covetise, do withdraw themselves to serve great men and others, unless they have living and wages to the double and treble of that they were wont to take," and repressing any such insubordinate tendencies by a wholesome discipline of stocks or imprisonment. Some years afterwards, "all alliances and covines of masons and carpenters, and congregations, chapters, ordinances, and oaths betwixt them" are annulled and prohibited. Later on, labourers are forbidden, under penalty of fine or imprisonment, to make "confederacies or promises" as to meddling with one another's work, or fixing the hours, price, or daily amount of their labour. In every instance the law seems to press heavily upon the workmen, till, in the time of Elizabeth, the hardship of their case seems to have attracted attention, and a "Statute of Apprentices" regulated afresh the mode of hiring and price of labour, and enacted provisions on the subject which might be "fully carried out without the great grief and burthen of the poor labourer and hired men." The improved arrangement thus introduced became in its turn obsolete and inconvenient. Throughout the last century we find the interests of labour and capital in more open collision than ever, and the workmen, from their increased numbers and more general intelligence,

better able, by various forms of association, to promote their interests against those of their employers. The existing criminal law was accordingly reinforced by particular statutes, prohibiting all agreements of labourers, in various trades, for the purpose of controlling their masters in the regulation of their business; and in 1800, when the organization of strikes and their mode of operation was more fully understood, an Act was passed which provided by the most stringent regulations against their recurrence for the future. Experience soon showed that this measure was too intolerably oppressive to be carried out with safety or efficiency. Workmen shut out from fair means betook themselves readily to foul, and acts of violence and insubordination called attention to the unfairness of sanctioning in the case of masters a combination which was pronounced illegal in the case of their servants. Adam Smith had already pointed out that, although the fact for the most part escaped notice, "masters are always and everywhere in a sort of tacit, but constant and uniform combination, not to raise the wages of labour above the actual rate." A Committee of the House of Commons was appointed in 1824 to inquire into the subject, and the suggestions of their Report were carried out in an Act passed in the following year, which provided that no workman should become criminally liable for entering into any combination to obtain an advance, or to fix the rate of wages, or to vary the hours of labour, or even to induce another labourer to quit his service before the expiration of the term for which he was hired. The statute, however, went on to enact that any person who "by violence to the person or property, by threat or by intimidation," should endeavour to coerce either master or fellow-servant, should fall within the penalties therein provided.

So great a change in the state of the law at once made itself disagreeably perceptible. The workmen availed themselves to the full of their newly-acquired liberties. Strikes on a large scale, and of the most obstinate character, at once took place in numerous parts of the country. A considerable reaction in public opinion set in; the Legislature, terrified at the effects of its own work, seemed disposed for a time to return to the old restrictive policy; and in the course of 1826, a new Act was passed, which was supposed to obviate some of the inconveniences of its predecessor, and which is the one now in force on the subject. It is as to the mode of interpreting this, that the authoritative exponents of the law seem to be at variance amongst themselves. The 3rd section provides certain penalties for any person who shall "by violence to the person or property, or by threats, or by intimidation, or by molesting or in any way obstructing another," endeavour in any respect to coerce either his fellow-labourer or his master. The 4th section provides that the Act shall not extend to subject any persons to punishment who meet together for the sole purpose of determining the rate of wages at which, or the number of hours for which, they choose to work, or who enter into any agreement with reference to those particulars. The controversy appears to be whether, since a strike is apparently sanctioned by the 4th section, a threat of a strike can fairly be held to fall within the provisions of the 3rd. On the part of the workmen, it is contended that the section is intended to apply only to cases in which some sort of violence is threatened. In support of this view, Lord Cranworth is quoted as directing a jury, in interpreting the expression, "threats and intimidation," to consider "whether the fair result of it was to intimidate to the person to whom it was addressed, that some bodily harm would happen to him." On the other hand, several decisions of other judges go to show that they consider that the bare announcement of an intention to strike may in some instances be considered as a "threat or intimidation." In the most recent case on the subject, a workman on strike had said to others who had just been hired, "If you dare work, we shall consider you as 'blacks'; and when we go in, we shall strike against you all over London." This was considered by Chief Baron Pollock and the other Judges of the Exchequer to be "a statement of facts which constitute the offence" against which the penalties of the 3rd section of the Statute are provided. If this decision were practically carried out to the conclusions which it would appear to necessitate, it is difficult to conceive how any men on strike could avoid the punishments of the statute. The very essence of a strike is, in one sense, to intimidate, to molest, and to obstruct. Workmen agree together for the very purpose of doing this with the greatest effect, and are expressly sanctioned by the Legislature, in certain cases, in so agreeing. The master is, of course, intimidated, molested, and obstructed by every proceeding of the sort; and certainly those who contend that the law refers only to threats, molestations, and obstructions which involve some notion of violence to person or property, have the advantage of preserving the consistency of the Statute, which otherwise appears somewhat confused and self-contradictory.

We cannot attempt to follow Mr. Longe through the ingenious arguments by which he endeavours to show that the mere fact of combining for the purpose of raising wages was never indictable as a conspiracy at common law. There are numerous instances in which workmen so combining have been indicted for conspiracy; but Mr. Longe contends that this was at a time when the endeavour of a single workman to alter the rate of his wages was an offence by statute, and consequently, that a combination for the same purpose was, in fact, a conspiracy to break the law. Some judges have, however, rested the matter on a different

footing, and have decided that an act which, when done separately by individuals, is not illegal, may, when agreed upon by two or more, become the subject of an indictment for conspiracy. And in *Rex v. Mawbey*, in the year 1796, the very instance of workmen combining to raise their wages was quoted as an example of the truth of this proposition. In a recent case this decision was countenanced by one of the Judges of the Queen's Bench, but Lord Campbell expressed himself strongly against it. "I cannot bring myself to believe, without authority much more cogent, that if two workmen who sincerely believe their wages to be inadequate, should meet and agree that they would not work unless their wages were raised, without designing or contemplating violence, or any illegal means for gaining their object, they would be guilty of a misdemeanour and liable to be punished by fine and imprisonment. The object is not illegal; and therefore, if no illegal means are to be used, there is no indictable conspiracy."—The whole doctrine of conspiracy is involved in considerable confusion, and there can be no doubt that the Judges have at times stretched it to its utmost limits in order to reach particular offences with which they had to deal. It would probably be impossible to define it with exactness, or even to lay down any general principle which would reconcile the numerous conflicting dicta and cases which at present illustrate the law on the subject. This much, however, is perfectly clear—that when workmen combine for the purpose of inducing others to quit their master's service before the expiration of their time of hiring, or to commit any other breach of contract, there is no doubt that they commit an indictable offence, as of course they also do if their conduct approaches in any degree to personal intimidation.

EXHIBITED ARCHITECTURE.

IN criticising architectural exhibitions, we are deprived of one very material advantage which is enjoyed by those who sit in judgment upon pictures. They have the very works before them which it is their task to criticise. We have, on the contrary, to decipher buildings from representations more or less imperfect, more or less exaggerated—sometimes, we must add, wilfully deceptive. Occasionally, the structures themselves are accessible to keep the critic aloft, but, more frequently, they are a hundred or a thousand miles off, or else they are the unsuccessful tenders at a competition which can only be judged of as their authors serve them up. We have been, through good and through evil report, the advocates of architectural competition in the case of buildings of a public or monumental character; and it is, accordingly, with the greater regret that we have to raise our protest against those abuses in the conduct of competitions which threaten, unless extirpated, root and branch, to bring that system into utter discredit. A considerable space of wall at the Architectural Exhibition in Conduit-street is devoted to competitive designs for the Assize Hall at Manchester, only one firm of competitors having selected the Royal Academy. The competition itself was indefinite in style—a liberty which cannot fail to raise a false issue. As it happened, the judges decided for Gothic, wherein, we think, they were right—irrespective of any preference for Gothic itself which we may or may not have—if we are to judge of the quality of the Italian designs by the specimens which the Exhibition furnishes. The first prize fell to the lot of Mr. Waterhouse, for a design in foreignizing Gothic, which, to judge by a woodcut in a journal (the drawings themselves being absent), had achieved a safe position of second-class merit. The gainer of the second prize, however, has enabled us to measure his deserts by his achievement. This fortunate gentleman—Mr. T. Allom, long famous as a skilful manipulator of Exhibition Drawings—with a prudent eye to the chances of the fight, went in with the colours of both parties on his cap; or, to drop metaphors—he tendered an Italian and a Gothic design both reared upon the same ground plan. We shall not waste words to show how thoroughly destructive of real composition these ambidextrous dodges must always be. It seems that Mr. Allom got his prize under his Gothic mask, so to that we confine ourselves. We desire always to be civil, and therefore we shall not go further than to say that we have never had the ill-luck, for many years past, to see so much pretension combined with so little merit. The whole cast of the building—a centre and wings—is utterly repugnant to the spirit of its style. The cupola crowning the centre represents a feature which able minds have long desired to win for Gothic, but which, as here treated by Mr. Allom, only presents a debased Italian outline hung round with inferior Gothic tags. The details of the building are compounded of bad Tudor, bad Flamboyant, and—as in the case of the flat ceiling with pendants—of bad Elizabethan, combined in a "Troubadour" grouping. In fact, the building is a design of 1830, not of 1860; and yet, because it was jauntily dashed-in in the Indian ink perspectives, the wise judges gave to it its little-deserved pre-eminence. Close to it are the ocular evidences of the miscarriage of justice. Mr. Pownall reproduces a rather stately Hôtel de Ville, with some Italianizing features. Mr. Crossland's design is a rich and very carefully studied composition, in which good use has been made of those foreign elements which our younger architects have incorporated into their system. But there are points in the design open to criticism, and we should imagine that its execution would have been very costly; and so would have been that of the still better conception of

Messrs. Norman Shaw and W. E. Nesfield—a very artistic work in the same style. We cannot leave this proposed building without calling attention to the picturesqueness of the groined open loggia which occurs at the ground story. Simpler, cheaper, and better proportioned than all, there is the design in Italian Gothic which bears Mr. Truefitt's name. Mr. Truefitt is an architect who so often provokes us by hiding the real talent which he possesses under a mask of eccentricity, that we are the more glad to be able to point to a work of his in the conception of which there is nothing to abate from our praise. Most judiciously, considering the destination of the building, he subordinates the group to one bold quadrangular mass under a single roof; and in that pile he relies upon proportion rather than ornament, for his effect. Indeed, the one conspicuous decorative feature is a well-composed arcade of windows, intended, of course, to give light to the Courts. Otherwise the building is very plain. The difficulty as to the opening of Gothic windows is met by making all the windows square-headed and untracied, those of the arcade having solid tympana of an acute form recessed. The boldness of the nook-shafts preserves the Gothic features all through. The weakest feature in the design is the steeple, but, as that stands detached, it might have been omitted or altered *ad libitum*. With this excellent design unnoticed, and Mr. Allom's nightmare so highly rewarded, our architects may be excused if their hearts misgave them as to the results of competition.

The specimens exhibited of the Cambridge Town Hall competition are not numerous enough to enable us to take up that strangely mismanaged affair. But the selections which are displayed in Conduit-street of the competition for a Roman Catholic church at Cork carry out the same sad tale. At that competition, Messrs. Hadfield and Goldie—a firm which is chiefly represented in its ecclesiastical phase by its second member—carried off the first prize with a design which is here exhibited. Yet the church is being built by Mr. E. W. Pugin, who likewise shows his edifice, which is in the course of construction. Both are churches of the same general size and character, and we are bound to say that of the two we prefer Mr. Pugin's. Still, Mr. Goldie's is the building as it went in for competition, and Mr. Pugin's is the design carefully prepared in his study after the competition had been overruled; so there is no fair comparison between the two, while Mr. Goldie's is quite sufficiently good to have entitled him to wear what he had won, and to amend it in the course of the actual building. Both these gentlemen frequently re-appear in the two exhibitions. Mr. Pugin has clearly formed his style upon a study of the outline of large town churches in Germany, carried out with a free reproduction of the details of the Middle Pointed of England. The consequence is, that he produces rather stately masses, but runs a considerable risk of falling into mannerism. For example, there are in the Architectural Exhibition no less than three specimens of churches composed of a nave with aisles, out of which grows an unaisled apsidal choir, with pedimented windows rising above the parapet line. This is a good form for occasional use, but if it is always to be repeated, it becomes a stage trick. Mr. Pugin's façade of a new church at Dublin, in the Royal Academy, is his best design, as it exhibits a very original treatment of the hipped roof in connexion with an ecclesiastical composition. Out of Mr. Goldie's different productions, we would select for praise the exterior of his church at Phisboro, near Dublin, and the interior east end of a new church at Lanark, which are both shown in Trafalgar-square—in the latter of which he is very happy in combining architectural composition with an ample space for mural painting.

Anglican ecclesiastical architecture is strongly represented at both Exhibitions. Mr. Burges (A.E.) contributes photographed elevations and plan of the cathedral which he has sent out to Brisbane, the capital of the new colony of Queensland. The building may be somewhat large for a new colony to complete, but it is not too grandiose for it to contemplate, while its whole conception is consistent with that system of gradual erection which was the rule of all the old cathedrals, inclusive of Cologne and Westminster. The plan is simple, yet minster-like, exhibiting an aisled nave of six bays, with a saddle-back steeple at one angle, spacious transepts, and an apsidal choir, with side chapels likewise apsidal. The style adopted is a modification, suitable to a semi-tropical climate, of that somewhat stern and massy but dignified early French which has come into fashion, variously combined with features of Italian Gothic, under the influence of our younger generation of Gothic architects, Messrs. Butterfield, Burges, Street, Bodley, Clutton, &c. The upper story of the building—a combination of a circular clerestory externally, and a bold triforium inside, carried round the whole church upon a uniform design—deserves great praise; and the way in which the barrel roof surmounts it shows careful study. Mr. Burges in this design fully maintains the reputation he gained both by his Cathedral for Lille and the Memorial Church at Constantinople—a building which we are glad to say is now to be commenced in earnest, on a somewhat reduced scale, but in accordance with the *motif* of the prize drawings.

Mr. Slater's large church at Basseterre, St. Kitts, in the West Indies—of which a drawing, showing the interior, is given at Conduit-street—is actually completed and in use, while, as we have said, the church at Brisbane is only in design; and so its already assured success, material and artistic,

may well be assumed to raise it to a level with the more ambitious but less certain tender for Australia. The two buildings are excellent specimens of the two "manners" of treating Gothic architecture which distinguish its most eminent professors at this moment. Mr. Burges, as we have seen, leans to the early French. Mr. Slater, on the other hand, while—as we have observed in some of his latest designs—he recognises and adopts many of the distinctive features of that method, has yet founded his style upon that Middle English period in which Pugin, Carpenter, and Mr. Scott in his earlier days studied. Both at Basseterre and Brisbane, climate had to be considered; but in the latter case other enemies had to be provided against—the earthquake and the tornado; though happily the white ant is not to be dreaded. So, while at Brisbane the solid pier, the complicated triforium, the barrel roof of the minster arrest attention, at Basseterre the pillars are light and of an English form, there is no clerestory at all, the arch windows are adapted to jalousies, and, as the key to the whole plan, the wooden roofing is chiefly conspicuous for its range of boldly-braced tie-beams. The construction is effective from its very simplicity, and seems to be well adapted to produce that combination of elasticity and compactness which is the best preservative against the building being blown or shaken down. Though transepts are shown on the plan, yet the constructional requirements have induced the architect to carry on the arcade and roofing to the apse. On the whole, Mr. Slater has succeeded, out of very simple materials and at a moderate cost, in producing an effective composition.

Mr. Street, a leader in the Franco-Italian method, has the opportunity of displaying his style in two new churches in Oxford (A.E.), and at Cowley, in the neighbourhood of the same city (R.A.), and in a picturesque group of his new church and buildings—including a still unbuilt steeple—at Boyne Hill (A.E.); for we treat as worse than nothing a very bad water colour of the interior of the last church, by a lady's hand, at the Academy. The two churches are very like each other, both in their general plan and their details—rather too like, indeed, for although the mould they are struck in is an undeniably good one, it ought not to be worn out. Both are emphatically solid, both possess a broad nave, low aisles, short round pillars, with bold foliated capitals and square abaci, a wooden nave roof, transepts, and a groined apsidal chancel; but at Oxford, the steeple, with massive broach of stone, and huge open lights, is placed at the crossing, while at Cowley it stands less characteristically at the west end. The coved nave roof, as well as the broad deep rear-arch of the Oxford clerestory, are superior to the more commonplace features of the other church. But Cowley is superior in the respond, with which the nave arcade terminates, instead of the last arch dying away in the wall, as it more awkwardly does at Oxford. The two long wide lancets of the belfry story in the latter example, and the bold pyramidal-headed spire lights, likewise bear off the bell.

We much wish that Mr. Scott had given us the opportunity of judging of his great churches at Haley Hill and Doneaster; but he only appears at the Exhibition with the amended designs for the Foreign Office, and with some framed prints out of various periodicals, while at the Academy his name does not even appear. Doneaster Church altogether, and Haley Hill for the most part, belong to the pure English method.

Non nostram est tantas pueri componere lites

between the two sections of Gothic architecture. Mr. Ruskin on one hand, and Messrs. Freeman, Parker, and Denison on the other, are stout and indefatigable athletes at the extremity of either wing. As time runs on, we believe that absolute victory will not rest with either party, but that out of their contentions will be produced some new commonsense style suited to our age and circumstances.

Mr. Wigley's clever church, tendered at the Cork competition, is a specimen of Italian Gothic unmitigated—a style which we do not think will ever be acclimatized in these islands. Mr. Digby Wyatt, in his Military Chapel at Warleigh (R.A.), attempts to combine Romanesque forms with details borrowed from Italian and the later Roman. We cannot think that his success would justify a repetition of the experiment. For example, he employs that most ungraceful of all forms—the false upper capital which was produced in the corrupt arcuated Roman, by breaking up the continuous entablature of trabeated architecture. Mr. T. H. Wyatt's church at Tottenham Park contains some rather pretty features. The West end of Llandaff Cathedral, as to be restored by Messrs. Pritchard and Seddon (R.A.), is hung too high for proper inspection. It shows the carefully studied new South-west tower in rich First Pointed.

The number of new country houses is, of course, so large as to excuse us from anything like a review of them. Only we may notice that in his new houses at Taverham Hall, Norfolk, and Hemsted Park, Kent, Mr. D. Brandon has produced picturesque repetitions of that mixed style—sometimes called Elizabethan, and sometimes Jacobean—which, whatever may be its artistic truth, has certainly a pleasurable association with the red brick and the green scenery of England. We do not despair of seeing this style contributing its share to the future development of British architecture. Mr. Teulon's re-casting of Elvetham Hall, Norfolk, attempts new combinations. Exuberance is the danger which this architect must have in view. The Royal Academy's gold medal for the present year has been adjudicated to Mr.

George for a Gothic Metropolitan Hotel, and the successful student has very naturally displayed the results of his prowess at both Exhibitions. We are delighted at the challenge thrown down to the cavillers. A good plan and plenty of daylight are the two essential features of an hotel, as much as they are of a country house, and there is no more reason that they should not be found where the visitor pays his bill than in the place where his visit is at the cost of his entertainer. We should be surprised if Mr. George's design would be proved deficient in these accommodations if compared with that vast block of composed Italian which overhangs Westminster Abbey, or with the hotels shown at the Royal Academy—one of which, by Mr. Knowles, is being built close to the new Pimlico station, and the other, by Mr. Porter, is intended to grace the Strand. Messrs. Walton and Robson (R.A.), exhibit two sides of a street at Folkestone, rebuilt by them in parti-coloured brick. The block—which, from its proximity to the New Town Hall, affects a mixed style—is not so successful as the opposite block of a kind of Germanizing Gothic. Another range of a simpler design by the same architects (not exhibited), in a different part of Folkestone, is still more successful. Messrs. Walton and Robson are also authors (A.E.) of some very clever buildings at Durham. Mr. F. W. Wilson, of Alnwick (A.E.), has a specialty for taking in hand the ugliest modern constructions, and, by slight alterations—a parapet here, a balcony there, and so on—converting them into picturesque masses of a style founded upon Gothic precedent. Mr. Sydney Smirke's arcades, in coloured materials, designed for the new Horticultural Garden at South Kensington (R.A.), will, we dare say, look pretty when they are built.

The most important architectural drawing at the Royal Academy is, undoubtedly, a very careful section, taken across the transept of the interior of St. Paul's as Mr. Penrose proposes to restore and decorate it, with the sanction of the Dean and Chapter and of a consulting Committee, of which Professor Cockerell and the late Sir Charles Barry were active members. As our readers probably know, the heavy organ screen at St. Paul's has been pulled down, and the organ now stands over the stalls, in the centre of the north side of the choir. But these changes are only the instalment of further works of decoration. The church, if unbroken from east to west, would lose in its apparent length; and so, in accordance with precedent, an open columnar screen of rich marble is to span the entrance of the choir, with an effect similar to that of Mr. Scott's screen of wood and metal at Ely. The stalls will then be massed in the three western arches of the choir, and a spacious sanctuary provided eastward. But the most important improvement of this end of the Cathedral will be the erection, in the now somewhat shabby apse, of a soaring and enriched baldachin, surmounting the altar, and nobly terminating the long vista of the entire pile with a feature at once dignified and appropriate. But the project does not end with the re-arrangement of the choir. As is well known from the Parentalia of the younger Wren, the great architect, who came in during his day for even more than an architect's usual share of disappointment and snubbing, had conceived the grand idea of decorating the church internally, and specially the cupola, with that imperishable material, mosaic of the Roman kind—i.e., of numerous minute tesserae collectively composing the pictures. This was new, and it was foreign, and it was dear; and so the wisacres of his time preferred to daub the dome with those sprawling *grisailles* of Sir J. Thornhill, in the renovation of which Mr. Parris has expended so much unnecessary labour. Now, happily, the architect, acting under Dean Milman's inspirations, purposes to introduce mosaic both in the cupola and in appropriate spaces all over the Cathedral. The design at the Academy is, of course, intended *pour fixer les idées*, and should not therefore be too minutely criticised, particularly as it comes recommended by the honesty of its execution—a measured section and not a flowery architectural draftsman's interior, with impossible atmospheric effects, and picturesque females lounging about in bright gowns at convenient points. We wish, however, that the artist had not been so chary in the promise he gives of painted glass. The Churches of All Saints, Margaret-street, and St. Vincent de Paul, at Paris, both show how well glass painting and mural pictures may be allied; while Messrs. Clayton and Bell's painted windows in the recently restored Church of St. Michael's Cornhill, are conclusive of the possibility of combining that species of decoration with Italian architecture. In dignity of design and harmony of colour these windows stand first of all which have been executed in England of late years.

Mr. Holman Hunt's picture, separately exhibited, of the Disputing in the Temple, only comes within our present subject in so far as the architecture of the Temple is represented there; and we merely refer to it to point out the oversight which the artist has, we think, committed in importing Oriental forms into Herod's Temple, which, as we gather from Josephus, was built of the Corinthian order, and no doubt in a fulsome imitation of the style then fashionable at Rome. The Royal Academy contains several indications of the improvement which has taken place in the designs for sepulchral monuments. Mr. Street's cenotaph to Major Hodson, destined for Lichfield Cathedral, is a vigorous modification of the old "high tomb" skilfully adapted to contain illustrative sculpture. Mr. Philip's cast of the bronze recumbent effigy which is to ornament Dr. Mill's tomb at Ely, is worthy of praise, both from the fidelity of the likeness and the religious

tone of the composition; and in the casts of Mr. Theed's "Works of Mercy," adorning Mr. Scott's tomb of the Duchess of Gloucester, at Windsor, we welcome the opening of a new line of art, to which our sculptors would do well to habituate themselves.

Mr. Armitage's sketch of the fresco of Our Lord and the Apostles, with which he proposes to paint the conch of the apse at the Roman Catholic church (in Romanesque architecture) at Islington, is an ambitious undertaking in face of Mr. Dyce's magnificent composition at Margaret-street. Without instituting comparisons, we may say that Mr. Armitage treats the subject with great judgment, grouping the Apostles by twos, so as to fill his space with three groups on each side of the central figure. Their pose is dignified, without being stiff.

Upon the whole, we think well of the Architectural Exhibitions of the year. To be sure, their show of the Italian and Classical styles is not striking, with the exception of the St. Paul's interior; but to this loss we are hardened by frequent recurrence. In Gothic there is more grain in proportion to the chaff than we have sometimes beheld; while we notice with pleasure the gradual growth of plans and measured drawings.

REVIEWS.

THE LIFE OF CARDINAL XIMENES.*

IT is very natural that all sects and parties should like to write the history of their own heroes. Even where the history they have to relate has been anticipated, they hope to be able to give the peculiar colouring which will show the initiated that everything is regarded in the right light. Cardinal Ximenes is so eminent a prelate of the Romish Church that persons of that communion may easily conceive that the task of writing his biography should belong to them. Otherwise there seems very little reason why this new life of the Cardinal should have been written in German or translated into English. Romish readers will have the satisfaction of finding every act of Ximenes extolled, and every trait of his character commended; but their pleasure will be damped by having to search for these treasures of orthodox opinion in one of the dulllest and worst-written books that have ever been put together. It is only fair to say, however, that neither the author nor the translator seems to suppose that the value of the book consists in its being readable. Its special merit is considered to lie in its correction of the errors of Protestant writers, and Mr. Dalton is especially anxious to have it accepted as an antidote to Prescott. But the particulars in which Prescott is shown to have been wrong are very few and unimportant, and the evidence that is brought to expose him is not very convincing. After this mass of dull composition has been launched at him, Prescott remains very much as he was. The attack is, indeed, of a kind which is familiar to all who are versed in criminal trials. The clearest proofs are brought to show that a prisoner has stolen a pocket-handkerchief, but one of the witnesses has carelessly deposed that the prisoner wore a red neck-tie at the time of the theft. The prisoner starts into the wildest rage, and, calling on heaven to chastise the perjurer, offers to bring irresistible evidence to show that he never had a neck-tie nearer to red than a deep pink. It is as well that every departure from truth should be instantly corrected, and it is as well that a witness should be forced to be accurate even on points that are wholly immaterial, but the Court and the jury naturally consider the defence as almost a complete waste of time. So we cannot say that there is no statement of Prescott's which might not have been rendered more precise if his attention had been drawn to the arguments and evidence of these Romish critics; but the statements he need have corrected are of about as much importance as the description of a prisoner's neck-tie. There would, indeed, be very little to edify Romish readers in this new biography, except so far as the penance of unusual dullness tends to edification, were it not that there are two elaborate episodes introduced into the work specially adapted to their tastes. The one contains a defence of the part taken by Ximenes in working the Inquisition, and the other a parallel between Queen Isabella and our Queen Elizabeth very much to the disadvantage of the latter.

Like most theological controversialists, the producers of this book have no notion what is the point they want to establish. Their arguments are alternately directed to show that the Inquisition was a very good thing, and that therefore Ximenes was quite right to make the most of it—and that it was a very questionable thing, but that its evils flowed from the intervention of the secular authorities in religious matters, and that therefore Ximenes is to be excused. There are also furious bursts of subsidiary argument to prove that the Inquisition was not always, and at all places, as black as it has been painted—that two thousand Jews were not burnt in one year, but in two or three years, and so forth. It is quite right to show this, if it can be shown; the most trifling piece of historical accuracy is worth having, but corrections of this kind are very trifling. If only a score of Jews had been burnt or beheaded for persisting in Judaism, that would have been quite enough to raise the only question that is really important—the question whether it is

right to burn Jews for being Jews. The main position that Dr. Hefele, the German author of this book, seeks to establish is that the Spanish Inquisition was something essentially different from the old ecclesiastical Inquisition, and that the new form of the clerical tribunal was upheld, if not invented, by the Spanish sovereigns as a means of reducing the power of the nobles. Unquestionably, the Inquisition was so worked in Spain as to terrify the aristocratic opponents of the Crown, and was employed as a political engine no less than as an instrument for the promotion of orthodoxy. Many of the Popes disapproved of the enormities which characterized its action, and the mere fact that it was so peculiarly Spanish serves to connect it with the history of a particular country. It is also very probable that Ximenes, who at so many points of his chequered career was baffled and tormented by his enemies among the nobility, saw with pleasure that he held in his hands a weapon that would ultimately reduce them to the insignificant and powerless position they occupied within half a century after his death. But all this, though historically curious, is no defence of the Inquisition. If we think it wrong to burn Jews, we cannot think it right to burn them because their torments may indirectly tend to keep refractory nobles in order. We may be sure that this was not the theory of the institution which presented itself to the mind of Ximenes, or to the minds of Ferdinand and Isabella. The Spanish Inquisition grew out of the Conquest of Granada, when so many thousands of infidels were placed at the disposal of conquerors who believed it to be a duty to bring these infidels into the fold of the Church by every means in their power. When the Inquisition was set in motion, it was discovered that it indirectly had political tendencies of a very desirable nature; but no impartial person can believe that it was originally a political contrivance. Queen Isabella and Cardinal Ximenes had no kind of doubt that it was not merely allowable, but incumbent on them, to persecute. All their contemporaries, and almost all their successors in the next generation, in every European country, thought so too. Toleration was not rejected, because it was not dreamed of. The Inquisition has earned a bad name, not because it rested on a principle that was only locally recognised, but because its cruelties were exceptionally cruel, and because it continued its operations down to a time when, elsewhere, the doctrines of toleration had gained some slight footing.

The real defence of the Inquisition and of Ximenes is that persecution is a very logical and reasonable thing. If we could be quite sure that our theological opinions are right, and that to think as we do is necessary for salvation, there would be no reason why we should not prevent dissentients from inflicting the greatest of all evils on the society around us—that of teaching men to think differently from what we do. If we were in authority, we should very properly use that authority to secure the unanimity we think indispensable, and, if we interfered at all, we had better interfere effectually. The Inquisition merely carried a logical process to its extremest consequences—it did thoroughly what others did feebly and partially. Dr. Johnson, who, in conversation at least, never shrank from consequences, upheld the duty of persecuting, in language which would go far to justify the Inquisition; and, if his premisses are but accepted, his conclusion is irresistible. Toleration has come into fashion, so far as it prevails, because these premisses are not accepted in Western Europe. Inquiry has lessened our confidence in ourselves. We will not undertake to say that our theological opinions are absolutely right, and still less will we undertake to say that no one can be saved who does not think as we do. If we persecuted, we should be much more certain that our victims suffered than that we were in the right in our view of religious truth. This thought would never have occurred to any Christian at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The notion of holding as truth that which is true in the main would never have entered his mind. It is intellectual activity exercised in very various directions, coupled with a large intercourse between heathen and Christian nations, that has made us hold different views on these matters from those entertained by our forefathers. We may also add that we are powerfully affected by a kind of criticism which springs rather from feeling than logic. There seems to us something strangely inconsistent, and even grotesque, in burning men because they will not believe in the Author of the Sermon on the Mount. It is our altered habits of thinking that have made us perceive the inconsistency, and not the inconsistency that has altered our habits of thinking. But, now we perceive it, we cannot fail to be influenced by it.

Historical parallels are generally as foolish in their aim as they are inexact in their details, and the parallel which Dr. Hefele draws between Isabella and Elizabeth is no exception to the rule. It is a mere piece of partisan glorification. Isabella and Elizabeth are said to be wonderfully alike, except that Isabella was a Catholic, and everything she did was good, while Elizabeth was a Protestant, and everything she did was bad. Those only who are acquainted with the imbecilities that feed the vanity of religious rivals are likely to do justice to Dr. Hefele, and acknowledge that in this historical parallel he does not fall much below the level of partisan writing. If it were worth while to compare the two Queens, most persons would be inclined to say that the character of Isabella, as an individual, was purer and nobler. But Elizabeth played an infinitely more difficult part, and had to act under much more adverse circum-

* *The Life of Cardinal Ximenes*. By the Rev. D. Von Hefele of Tübingen. Translated from the German by the Rev. Canon Dalton. London: Dolman, 1860.

stances. If, however, we look, not at their character, but their policy, we ought in a great measure to judge them by the fruits they have left behind them. We can trace the influence of Isabella through all the subsequent history of Spain, and the influence of Elizabeth through all the subsequent history of England. We must be prepared to say whether we think Spain or England the best before we can pronounce between Isabella and Elizabeth. Catholics may be convinced that the balance is immeasurably in favour of the country that ultimately settled into a state of gloomy and orthodox stagnation. But those who prefer heretical activity cannot possibly come to the same conclusion. Like many arguments, the argument of this historical parallel is really addressed only to those who are sure to agree with it. It is not so much an effort of reason as an act of faith to accept it.

Although substantial justice is done to Ximenes by Prescott, and the account given of him by the American historian has all the merits that attach to lucid and agreeable narration and a calm and honest judgment, the separate biography of the great Cardinal deserves to be written by a very different biographer from Dr. Hefele. Ximenes was as good a specimen of a priest wielding temporal authority as the world ever saw. He had the defects which usually attach to all ecclesiastical governors, because ecclesiastical governors usually consider them to be virtues. But he had all the good points of a thoroughly religious ruler. He was scrupulously honest, he reformed the clergy, he trembled before no opposition, he did not seek any private ends. He was emphatically a good man. He was also a very able man, clear in his judgment and tenacious of his purpose. The strong efforts he made to befriend the hapless Indians after they were seized on as the prey of the merciless discoverers of the New World, can never be forgotten by those who mourn over the saddest story of modern times. If Ximenes had lived, and had thwarted the opposition of his enemies in the King's Council, America might have escaped the curse of slavery. Such a man deserves to be a familiar name not only to Catholics but to Protestants, and his character is sure to win the admiration of all impartial persons of every creed and every nation. The very poorest tribute that could be paid to his memory is the compilation of such a work as that which Mr. Dalton has thought it a pious duty to translate for the benefit of English Romanists.

MAGINN'S SHAKESPEARE PAPERS.*

THE *Shakespeare Papers*, by the late Dr. Maginn, justly popular when first published, well merited republication. Though written for the day, there is stuff in them for the morrow. Vigorous in style, well-informed with learning, and original in thought, they were buried in their original receptacles amid heaps of occasional or inferior matter which need not and will not attain to resurrection. Throughout the eight Essays now collected, are visible the traces of an active and pleasant fancy, shrewd observation, and easy though forcible eloquence. For their opulence of illustration, their sound and curious lore, and their critical justice and acumen, they may challenge comparison with the *Essays of the English Opium-eater*.

Much of the best recent literature was originally periodical. Dryden embodied his best prose thoughts in his prefaces, having no reviews or magazines to absorb and remunerate them. Had he enjoyed these modern privileges, we should doubtless have received from him fewer execrable plays, and many more excellent papers on satire and poetry. Our book-shelves are now filled with reprints of what our forefathers were wont to call "Fugitive Pieces," for being the first collector of which the name of Dodsley ought ever to be held in grateful remembrance. Mr. De Quincey published only one independent volume, and even of that some chapters first saw daylight in a Magazine. There are many brilliant chapters in Lord Macaulay's *History*; but perhaps none of them are more so than many of his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. Southey's review articles are often more original and always more entertaining than his *Epics*; and if a publisher were to think it a promising speculation to reprint the *Remains* of William Taylor of Norwich, he would abjure the rambling and imperfect *History of German Poetry*, and glean from the really valuable criticisms with which for years he enriched the Monthly and Annual Reviews.

The name of William Maginn stands high on the roll of those who, from choice or controlling circumstances, wrote for the moment, but who deserve to be remembered long after they have passed away. For the functions of the critic and the essayist few men have been better or more variously accomplished. He was an excellent modern linguist, and a good if not a profound classical scholar. He had trodden—as his writings both in the volume before us and in the *Prout Papers* show—the by-ways as well as the highways of ancient literature; nor is there any considerable author, French, Italian, Spanish, or German, with whom he does not occasionally betray acquaintance. In his own language, he wrote with vigour and precision that prove him versed in the great models of it; nor, though he must often have written with the printer's boy at his elbow, and amid the many distractions of an irregular life—for, unfortunately, with him 'the mat'

was too frequently 'abuse the meal'—are his pages ever deformed by such inaccuracies of idiom as deface books more pretentious than these, his hastily composed papers. We could desire that the gentleman who drew up the brief memoir of Dr. Maginn, prefixed to the *Shakespeare Papers*, had authenticated by his name what he has told of this versatile though eccentric person. He speaks with seeming authority, and we are ready to accept his statements; but we have no guarantee for them. Are they made on knowledge or on hearsay? Of a scholar and writer so distinguished we should be glad to have a certified account.

The following sketch, however, is authenticated. It was written by Dr. Macnish, "better known by his assumed signature of the Modern Pythagorean:"—

I dined to-day at the Salopian with Dr. Maginn. He is a most remarkable fellow. His flow of ideas is incredibly quick, and his articulation so rapid that it is difficult to follow him. He is altogether a person of vast acuteness, celerity of apprehension, and indefatigable activity of mind and body. His forehead is very finely developed, his organ of language and ideality large, and his reasoning faculties excellent. His hair is quite grey, although he does not look more than forty. While conversing, his eye is never for a moment at rest: in fact, his whole body is in motion, and he keeps scrawling grotesque figures upon the paper before him, and rubbing them out again as fast as he draws them. He writes with vast rapidity, and can do so at any time. He speaks French, Italian, and German fluently; these, together with a first-rate knowledge of Latin, Greek, and English, make him master of six languages. Had his genius, like Swift's, been concentrated on separate works, instead of being squandered with wasteful prodigality in newspapers, magazines, &c., I have no doubt it would have been considered equally original and wonderful.

There is more to the same effect in the preface; but it is less graphic, and marred generally by false sentiment and fine writing—vices against which the subject of the anecdotes waged inexorable war.

As a commentator on Shakespeare, Dr. Maginn is a much more agreeable and instructive companion than the verbal critics, who do not always improve his text, and invariably quarrel with one another. We are indeed in a fair way of becoming as weary of the names of Collier and Dyce as our sires were of those of Steevens and Malone. Amid the present hubbub about the annotated folio, in which it is hard to say whether Bavin or Mævius be the more offensive, it is some relief to turn to a book apart from the dispute, and yet pertaining to Shakespeare.

In the eight Essays now reprinted, the author analyses as many capital characters of Shakespeare. Falstaff leads off the goodly procession, and Iago closes it. The fat knight, in Dr. Maginn's opinion, has suffered from detraction. He is not so selfish or depraved as he has been reported. He is a melancholy rather than a mirthful man—a seeming paradox, especially for those who derive their notions of him from the stage, of which Dr. Maginn disposes. But, first of all, he asserts Falstaff's intellectual supremacy among his fellows, from Prince Hal to Francis the Tapster. "The Prince," he says, "may delude himself into the notion that he, the heir of England, with all the swelling emotions of soul that rendered him afterwards the conqueror of France, makes a butt of the ton of man that is his companion. The parts are exactly reversed. In the peculiar circle in which they live the Prince is the butt of the Knight." In his court of "princes, beggars, judges, swindlers, heroes, bullies, gentlemen, scoundrels, justices, thieves, knights, and tapsters," Falstaff is lord paramount at least in two of the plays in which he appears.

The character of Falstaff by Dr. Johnson is then dissected, and pronounced to be "false and unphilosophical." He was thinking of his own rude companion, Savage, when he wrote about Falstaff; and his sermon accordingly wanders widely from the text. From the charge of cowardice the knight had already been rescued by Maurice Morgan, and Dr. Maginn endorses the discharge; and as to his being a thief and a glutton, he pertinently asks for the proofs of the libel. "Does he cheat the weak or prey upon the poor? does he terrify the timorous or insult the defenceless?" Dr. Maginn evidently considers the running up a long score with Mrs. Quickly for meat and drink and holland shirts merely as the ordinary peccadillo of a gentleman about town. Of gluttony he finds no traces—"a round paunch is no proof of gormandizing." The parasites of the old comedy are universally thin and spare men. Neither is Falstaff, though he imbibes sack and sugar liberally, "ever represented as drunk or even affected by wine." At this rate, with so many of his commonly imputed vices struck off, "this Jew will prove a Christian by and by." But it is not so, and the following passage will show the moral which Dr. Maginn, more justly than Dr. Johnson, derives from the contemplation of "the Knight of the Castle:"—

He is a dissipated man of rank, with a thousand times more wit than ever fell to the lot of all the men of rank in the world. But he has ill played his cards in life. He grumbles not at the advancement of men of his own order; but the bitter drop of his soul overflows when he remembers how he and that cheeseparing Shallow began the world, and reflects that the starving justice has lands and beeves, while he, the wit and the gentleman, is penniless, and living from hand to mouth by the casual shifts of the day. He looks at the goodly dwelling and the riches of him whom he had once so thoroughly contemned, with an inward pang that he has scarcely a roof under which he can lay his head. The tragic Macbeth, in the agony of his last struggle, acknowledges with a deep despair that the things which should accompany old age—as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends—he must not look to have. The comic Falstaff says nothing on the subject; but by the choice of such associates as Bardolph, Pistol, and the rest of that following, he tacitly declares that he too has lost the advantages which should be attendant on years. No curses loud or deep have accompanied his festive career—its conclusion is not the less sad on that account; neglect, forgotten

* *Shakespeare Papers: Pictures, Grave and Gay.* By William Maginn, LL.D. London: Bentley.

friendships, services overlooked, shared pleasures unremembered, and fair occasions for ever gone by, haunt him, no doubt, as sharply as the consciousness of deserving universal hatred galls the soul of Macbeth.

Falstaff—

Never laughs. Others laugh with him or at him; but no laughter from him who occasions or permits it. He jeers with a sad brow. The wit which he profusely scatters about is from the head, not the heart. Its satire is slight, and never malignant or affronting; but still it is satirical and seldom joyous. It is anything but *fun*. Original genius and long practice have rendered it easy and familiar to him, and he uses it as a matter of business. He has too much philosophy to show that he feels himself misplaced; we discover his feelings by slight indications, which are, however, quite sufficient.

"The melancholy Jaques," in Dr. Maginn's estimation, is less sad at heart than the mirth-moving Falstaff. He has begun life as a *roué*—thus much we know of him from the moralizing Duke; and the contrast between the ardour of the chase and the worthlessness of the game when run down, has filled him with much poetical philosophy, that comes, however, like Falstaff's humour, from the head rather than the heart. He is not soul-stricken in any material degree. He suffers, like Byron's Harold, from satiety rather than from more grievous sorrow. He is put to it, when Rosalind taxes him with being "a melancholy fellow," to define wherefore he is so. "I have," he says, neither the scholar's melancholy, nor the musician's, nor the courtier's, nor the soldier's—but a melancholy of my own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects." "He is," says his commentator, "nothing more than an idle gentleman given to musing, and making invectives against the affairs of the world. His famous description of the seven ages of man is that of a man who has seen but little to complain of in his career through life . . . All the characters in Jaques's sketch are well taken care of . . . such pictures of life do not proceed from a man very heavy at heart."

But if Jaques be not a truly melancholy, Romeo, according to Dr. Maginn, is a truly "unlucky" man. The fates conspire for him, but by some means or other he is for ever crossing their purposes:—

In no respect, save that the families were at variance, was the match between him and Juliet such as not to afford a prospect of happy issue; and everything indicated the possibility of making their marriage a ground of reconciliation between their respective houses. Both are tired of the quarrel. Lady Capulet and Lady Montague are introduced, in the very first scene of the play, endeavouring to pacify their husbands; and when the brawl is over, Paris laments to Juliet's father that it is a pity persons of such honourable reckoning should have lived so long at variance. For Romeo himself old Capulet expresses the highest respect, as being one of the ornaments of the city; and after the death of Juliet, old Montague, touched by her truth and constancy, proposes to raise to her a statue of gold.

The stages and development of Romeo's "ill-luck" are very graphically traced; but for them we must refer our readers to Dr. Maginn. The following observation, however, we must extract before we pass on to another Essay:—

Haste is made a remarkable characteristic of Romeo, because it is at once the parent and the child of uniform misfortune. As from the acorn springs the oak, and from the oak the acorn, so does the temperament that inclines to haste predispose to misadventure; and a continuance of misadventure confirms the habit of haste. A man whom his rashness has made continually unlucky, is strengthened in the determination to persevere in his rapid movements by the very feeling that the "run" is against him, and that it is of no use to think. In the case of Romeo, he leaves it all to the steering of Heaven—i.e., to the heady current of his own passions; and he succeeds accordingly.

Bottom the Weaver is the lucky man. He has contrived to win golden opinions from his neighbours, and as Mahomet accounted the conversion of his wife to Islam the greatest of his miracles, so the esteem of those with whom we dwell in contact is one of the rarest incidents in felicity. The proverb touches him not, that the potter has a grudge against the potter—on the contrary, he is lauded to the skies by his fellow-workmen. By universal assent on their part he is the handsomest, the most sweet-voiced, and wittiest man of his quarter in Athens. *With* him all goes well; *without* him the play, though chosen by Duke Theseus' chamberlain, cannot proceed. They are undone, so long as Bottom is lost in the wood; they are made men so soon as he returns to them, untranslated and relieved of the ass's head. It is no wonder, and small blame to him, that he is a spoilt man—that he is overweening—that he would fain play Pyramus, Thisbe, and Lion, all and each, himself. His brother-craftsmen are not angered by his presumption, neither jealous of his gifts. If the thing were possible, he should, and welcome, roar, and speak small like a woman, and do it in Hercules' vein. But it cannot be; not even Bottom can be seen into quantities; even he must be content to do one thing well. So confirmed is he in his good opinion of himself that, as Dr. Maginn remarks, "he never for a moment thinks there is anything extraordinary in the attentions of Titania. He takes the love of the Queen of the Fairies as a thing of course, orders about her tiny attendants as if they were so many apprentices at his loom, and dwells in Fairyland unobservant of its wonders, as quietly as he were still in his workshop. Great is the courage and self-possession of an ass-head. Theseus would have bent in reverent awe before Titania. Bottom treats her as carelessly as if she were the wench of the next-door tapster. We have always trembled for Bottom. How would he have comforted himself under reverse of fortune? What if the members of his ward had seen cause to change their opinion of him? What if Duke Theseus had hissed him in Pyramus, and so opened the eyes of Snout and Starveling? Dr. Maginn indeed assures us—and it is a comfortable thought—that "we may be sure that as long as the noble race of the Bottoms continues to exist, the chances

of extraordinary good luck will fall to their lot, while in the ordinary course of life they will never be unattended by the plausible criticism of a Peter Quince."

Place aux dames. We cannot afford, however, space for even an outline of the Essay on Shakspeare's "Ladies—Lady Macbeth." Shakspeare's "Women"—we prefer that title to his "Ladies"—have indeed been canvassed oftener and more successfully than his men; and the admirable work of the late Mrs. Jameson is, or ought to be, familiar to every student of Shakspeare. Dr. Maginn's Essay begins with a survey of the share assigned to female characters in the Greek drama, and then passes in review the portraiture of women by Dante, Tasso, Spenser, and Milton. Wide indeed is the interval between ancient and modern poetry in its treatment of women. The Greek wife—or rather housekeeper, for she was little better than a superintendent of slaves, passing from the kitchen to the still-room, from the laundry to the nursery—might furnish Aristophanes, Eupolis, and Cratinus with an occasional hint for comedy, but was useless to Sophocles or Æschylus. The Greek Hetera would have better helped the poet, but then her presence in plays sacred to Dionysus would have called forth the ire of every pious Conservative in Athens. "In the whole circle of extant Greek tragedy," says our author, "there are but two women who can affect our nobler or softer emotions"—Antigone, the devoted daughter and faithful sister; Alcestis, the self-sacrificing wife. This is certainly a short allowance for thirty-three dramas. The women of the Greek stage are indeed generally little better than furies when they are not merely fools. And in no few of these plays the poet dispenses with the fair sex altogether, as in the *Philoctetes*—or assigns to them a subordinate position, as in the *Suppliants*, or the *Seven against Thebes*—or, with Euripides, makes them the butt of vile reflections. The Helen of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* is worth all the dramatic heroines of antiquity put together. She is full of kindly feminine impulses; she is truly penitent; she appears in the later poem like a spirit purified by the fires of purgatory. The world of female life and character was, however, so far as regards dramatic purposes, discovered by Shakspeare; and Dr. Maginn eloquently and truly states his exclusive claim to the new possession.

We must now close this instructive little book. Brief as it is, it would have been improved had the tales which follow the *Shakspeare Papers* been omitted. They are without merit, as well as uncharacteristic of their author. But for collecting and putting into so convenient a form, the "pictures grave and gay" of certain plays and characters of our national bard, we are grateful to the editor, who has consulted well for the public, and well also for the reputation of his departed friend.

BURKE'S VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES.*

GENEALOGY is a strange subject. We do not merely mean in the *stemma* *quid faciunt* aspect of the moralist, but in the practical results of the pride of birth upon historical truth. Juvenal might have spared both his general question and his particular instance. At Rome, of all places in the world, the *stemma* did a great deal. There, at least, hereditary descent was a reality. The man who inherited, not a string of shifting and meaningless titles, but the name of a long line of famous ancestors, enjoyed a very practical bequest. From generation to generation the great Roman families passed on the same line of policy, the same peculiar gifts, the same virtues, and the same vices. There are, perhaps, a dozen *Quinti Fabii* and a dozen *Appii Claudii* famous in Roman history, but we know perfectly well beforehand what will be the course of each particular *Quintus Fabius* or *Appius Claudius*. Juvenal tells us that the *Decii* were *Plebeians*; and so they were, but *Plebeian* in the days of *Decius*, and *Plebeian* in the days of Juvenal, meant two quite different things. And that very house supplied as strong a case as any of the reality of a Roman pedigree. The younger *Decius* might possibly not have devoted himself for the Roman people if his father had not done so before him. The Roman government, in its days of glory, was a true aristocracy—the reality of that of which a mere nobility is the imitation. Probably such an aristocracy is utterly impossible in any modern, especially in any monarchical State. Something like it existed at Venice and at Berne, but never in France or in England. A modern nobility is necessarily shifting—it cannot get rid of more or less of connexion with wealth. A poor noble may be just as noble as a rich one, but he cannot keep up the same place before the eye of the world. At Rome, the proudest patrician might be the poorest, and might be chosen Consul none the less for his poverty. And again, the noblest Roman really succeeded directly to nothing but his name—no hereditary Senate was ready to receive him. He was obliged to do something himself to keep up the credit of his fathers. The way to the curule chair was of course easier to him than to the *novus homo*, but it was anything but a matter of course. Even while the high magistracies were most rigidly confined to patrician occupants, the people had at least a choice between the different patrician candidates. The young *Fabius* or *Scipio* started in life with a great advantage; he had every stimulus to exertion; but without exertion he could not get on. The descendant of great men was bound to

* *Vicissitudes of Families; and other Essays.* By Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms. London: Longman and Co.

be a great man. If himself he did not become one, he was disgraced in the eyes of his fellow-citizens.

Under such a system there were, in old Rome, very few vicissitudes of families. The old Roman families lasted as long as old Rome lasted. From the beginning to the end of the Republic we trace the same illustrious names. Many of them go on, in a certain disguise, far into the days of the Empire—some possibly even longer still. Where poverty and wealth were of little moment, and where adoption was a legal and religious reality, a family once illustrious could hardly become extinct or obscured. New families, indeed, might and did rise, but they did not thrust out the old ones—they merely seated themselves beside them. The plebeian nobility, in truth, was as real—perhaps in some cases as ancient—as the patrician. Mæcenas, in his Etruscan home, was the "Tyrrhena Regum progenies"—at Rome he was a simple plebeian knight. It is very different with a great family in modern times, above all in England. There is no religious consecration of a rank to which the Sovereign's pleasure can raise any man. Hereditary succession gives to one man in a family certain hereditary powers; but his children are legally commoners, his grandchildren are practically so. There is no legal power of adoption. Wealth is necessary, if not for the nominal rank, at least for the practical position. The position of an English peer is utterly unlike that of a Roman patrician. The thing most like the latter would be, if there were no House of Lords, but a House of Commons chosen by universal suffrage from among descendants of peers only.

The English noble, then, is subject to all sorts of vicissitudes. If his direct heir fails, he cannot supply his place, and his honours become extinct. He may leave his property to a sham representative who assumes his name, but he cannot alter the succession to his peerage. A Roman who had no son could make one—one whom law and religion, if not nature, thoroughly put into a son's position. And if he did not—if a particular family became extinct—provided the Gens continued to exist, nothing was lost. The gods were as well pleased with the offerings of one Cornelius as with those of another; but an English title may easily fail, while hundreds of legitimate male descendants of the same stock are flourishing hard by. In truth, a very strict law of hereditary succession, such as a hereditary peerage involves, goes a great way to sap the real family feeling. Again, an English noble may lose his wealth, and by losing it may find himself in the most awkward and anomalous of all positions. The practical mind of the fifteenth century realized this truth, and a duke who had become very poor was unduly by Act of Parliament. To a Roman, as we have said, wealth and poverty were of comparatively little moment. Look, for instance, at the famous tale of L. Quinctius Cincinnatus. No tale has ever been more completely misunderstood. When American patriots built a city and called it Cincinnati, they hardly knew that they were commemorating one of the bitterest of oligarchs. They had, doubtless, visions such as are sometimes really carried out in their own country, of a plain plebeian farmer chosen to be Governor of the State, or even President of the Union. "From the plough," says some poet or other, "rose her Dictators." Of course the tale of Cincinnatus proves no such thing; but it does prove that a Roman noble could fall to the plough without at all losing his position. Lucius Quinctius at the plough-tail was as proud a patrician as Lucius Quinctius in the Senate-house. Neither in his own eyes nor in those of his countrymen was he in the least fallen from his old estate. His accidental poverty in no way disqualified him for the highest offices. An English Duke who had lost his estate would hardly take to tilling a forty-shilling freehold, but if he did so, he would certainly give up all hopes of leading the House of Lords.

In the case of a peerage, vicissitudes of families at once strike us. In the case of rich commoners, they happen continually without the world at large observing them. England contains multitudes of families, undistinguished by any formal title or precedence, which, as Mr. Hallam says, would, anywhere but in England, be looked upon as noble. The people of highest rank in a county are by no means always the oldest families in the county. The plain Squire can often show a longer pedigree than the Duke. Such families are of course thought much of in their own neighbourhoods, and but little of anywhere else. But their position, great or small, practically rests entirely upon wealth. Let wealth go—let the family no longer be in a position to provide magistrates, sheriffs, and county members—and a long pedigree will do very little for the falling house. The old family sinks out of sight, and the local worship settles itself in a few generations just as comfortably round the new family which takes its place. Or, again, it may happen that the estate may, in the common order of succession, come round to some distant kinsman sunk, possibly, in the depth of poverty. This is, perhaps, really the truest vicissitude of any.

Sir Bernard Burke, the author of the book which has led us into this train of thought, is not an historian, but a herald. He knows, however, enough of history to abstain, when writing in his own person, from the more monstrous fictions of his profession. Perhaps no two persons are more thoroughly at daggers drawn than the real historian and the mere herald or genealogist. To the historian, the boasts of family pride are half pure fictions, half events of yesterday. He may respect the peerage as a political institution, but he cannot shut his eyes to the fact that most families to be found in the existing peerage are very modern. Even Howards and Percies are comparatively recent, and we

believe that no real Percy exists in the peerage. There is an Earl of Leicester, but his name is not De Montfort—a Duke of Norfolk, but his name is not Bigod—a Marquis of Salisbury and an Earl of Warwick, but neither of them is called Neville—a Duke and Earl of Northumberland and Earl Percy, but whose titles and whose Percydom are among the boons conferred by the illustrious House of Hanover. Whether any of these may, by some patched-up female succession, descend from the historic men of the same title, really matters very little. Once let in the principle of female descent, and anybody may be descended from anybody. The sentiment of descent can never be transferred to the spindle-side; where the true family feeling is strong, even the bastard son is felt to transmit the blood more truly than the legitimate daughter. As to the antiquity of mere esquires, when one hears of a preternaturally long succession in a house which has never risen or fallen—which has for centuries produced high sheriffs and silent county members, but nothing greater than high sheriffs and silent county members—one is disposed, with Charles II., to marvel at the singular (perhaps the happy) mediocrity of blood which hinders the procreation of either a wise man or a fool. Again, in both classes, the first business of the historian is commonly to knock away the inventions of the herald. Happily, family pride has commonly been so clumsy an inventor that very little historic knowledge is wanted to knock them away. When Mr. Bruce tells you he is a descendant of King Robert, it is enough to ask him why he is not King of Scots. When Mr. Huddleston, by a bolder flight, boasts of the blood of King Æthelstan, you may send him to the Saxon Chronicle to get up the family relations of his childless ancestor. When we hear of a noble family looking for its patriarch in "Sir John Ashburnham, who defended Dover Castle against William the Conqueror"—or when you are asked to believe that King Cnut gave a certain horn to William Pusey—you have no occasion to turn to any book at all. The Sir, the John, the William, the Ashburnham, and the Pusey are quite enough of themselves to stamp the stories as mythical. Sir Bernard Burke knows what he is about too well to give us anything of the sort. He may put them into his *Peerage* or his *Landed Gentry*, but there the people who send them to him are responsible for them. But we may remark that many of the "Vicissitudes" he tells us of are merely instances of descendants of illustrious houses in the female line still existing in great obscurity. Very lowly people, it seems, have the Royal blood of the Plantagenet in their veins. Such facts are antiquarian curiosities, and no more. A male representative of any branch of the old Royal line would be, indeed, another matter, but the last real Plantagenet died a victim to the jealousy of Henry and Ferdinand. These obscure scions of Royalty can only trace their pedigree through a succession of female descents—that is, the sentiment of Royal lineage is altogether lost. Undoubtedly, before the Act of Settlement, some strange and unlooked-for state of things might actually have called one of these persons to the Throne; and so long, therefore, they might be of some practical importance. But now that everything is settled on the descendants of the Princess Sophia, an authentic descent from William the Conqueror, from Cerdic and from Woden, has become of very little value indeed.

Sir Bernard Burke has gathered together a good many curious stories, some of which have more than an antiquarian interest. The history of the Martins of Connemara is really a romance, and a most sad one. Richard Martin, the animals' friend, was lord of 192,000 acres, and "had an approach from his gate-house to his hall of thirty miles in length." He died at Boulogne, out of the way of his creditors. His grand-daughter, called the "Princess of Connemara," was sold out in the Encumbered Estates Court, left without a farthing in the world, and died in a sailing-vessel on her way to America with her husband, after a premature confinement without the help of surgeon or nurse. Some of the stories—as the well-known one of Theodore, King of Corsica—hardly come under the title, and savour somewhat of bookmaking. The Devonshire Theodore Paleologus is, we believe, apocryphal; and we are rather amused with the reverence which Sir Bernard displays for what, with the exception of the last Constantine and his father, was one of the most contemptible of dynasties. "Mighty indeed were these Paleologi—mighty in power, dignity, and renown." The fault of overvaluing anything Byzantine is certainly not common; but if Sir Bernard talks thus of Andronicus and John Paleologus, what would he say of the Basils and of John Zimisces?

The book is eked out with a good deal of matter not exactly coming under the head of Vicissitudes of Families, but all bearing more or less on the author's favourite pursuits. They often show a good deal of credulity, and one would like to see a few more references to contemporary writers. But if we insisted on such stern conditions, where would family history go altogether?

THE BADDINGTON PEERAGE.*

THIS novel originally appeared as one of those *feuilletons* which are favourite appendages to the lower class of popular newspapers; and as these compositions do not often come out into the broad light of literary day, it was with some little

* *The Baddington Peerage: Who Won and Who Wore it.* By G. A. Sala, London: C. J. Skeet, 1860.

curiosity that we opened the *Baddington Peerage*. Mr. Sala acknowledges, with something like an apology, that it appeared originally in that form, and pleads as a defence for reassuming the charge of it in its three-volume shape, that the proprietors of the copyright had made up their minds to re-publish it in spite of his modest protests. It is in curious contrast with the ordinary type of novels. There are no characters; for though there are a number of curiously constructed names, like Minniver, Pollyblank, Tinotop, and so forth, to which many strange speeches and deeds are appended, there is no difference either in act or language between men and women, or between the Duchess and the beggar. All their conversations are carried on with the quaint, verbose, half-learned volubility with which the author writes in his own proper person; so that if the inverted commas were removed, and all the paragraphs printed continuously, the acutest critic could not discover where the author ceased or the *dramatis persone* commenced. Where these uniformly-languaged characters get their equally uniform principles of action—unless it be from an exhaustive study of the *Newgate Calendar*—it is far more difficult to say. If they all talk Sala, they all act Jonathan Wyld or Fagin. Though the canvas is crowded with figures, and though the date of the story is the generation in which we live, there is not a decent man or woman among them. In the author's eyes there are but two kinds of people in the world—those who are outwardly respectable and secretly commit murder, and those who do not commit murder, but are hideously debauched. The sixth and seventh commandments, between them, exhaust the *nuances* of society. Peers and Duchesses, soldiers and officials, druggists and artists—none of them escape from the all-embracing division. There are only two personages in the book whom the author seems to regard with any degree of favour, and who, for want of better candidates, may fill the place of hero and heroine. The hero is a penniless artist, who is first aided, then ruined, by the caprices of an unprincipled Duchess, and ends by taking to drink and drowning himself. The heroine is on the point of being married to the hero when she runs off, like Mr. Moddle, an hour before the wedding, in company with a disreputable Peer, and is last heard of living an equivocal life as a *dansuse* in Italy. This is the author's bright side of human nature. These are the personages on the description of whose beauties he lavishes all his powers, and for whom, if for any of his own creations, he would claim his readers' sympathies. His darker side presents such every-day matters as forgeries, stabbings, pistolings, and poisonings. His idea of life is a violent exaggeration of that with which we are so familiar in the works of Mr. Dickens. That all evil is to be found in the upper, all good in the lower, stratum of society is the tenet of both writers; but the disciple improves upon his master by representing both as bad—the successful and wealthy being simple fiends, while the lower classes consist of those whom the fiends have driven or ensnared into debauchery.

With this sombre view of English society, of course the resources of his art in the construction of a plot are limited. Anything like domestic incident is much too quiet for one whose whole world is vice or crime. We have no reason to complain of his giving way to the didactic tendency of modern novelists. He makes no attempt to take us with guile, or to make us learn a moral lesson while we think we are only whiling away a spare hour. There can be no question of pointing a moral where virtue leads to drunkenness and suicide, and a succession of murders lead to wealth. In fact, while reading this book, we can hardly help feeling almost penitent for the judgments we have passed on the plethora of angelic heroines and moving death-bed scenes which run so monotonously through the mass of modern novels. Mr. Sala carries us into another age and another world. Driven, by utter barrenness of any other fascination, to rely on startling incidents for the interest of his tale, he weaves a plot so wildly improbable that it would have terrified Mrs. Radcliffe herself. In fact, if the reader can imagine Mrs. Radcliffe in an access of *delirium tremens*, dictating her dreams at a breathless pace to a short-hand writer, he will form a fair idea of the incidents of this story, and the way in which they are worked out. The plot hinges upon two bigamies, their effect in vitiating the title of claimants to two coronets, and the efforts of the bigamists, male and female, to murder those who are possessors of the fatal secret. It is too complicated for any abstract to make it clear. But the description of one of the incidental murders, given apparently by the lady who is supposed to have committed it, will afford a sufficient notion of the extent of probabilities which Mr. Sala thinks it necessary to observe:—

"Once upon a time," she went on, settling her muslins, and shaking her golden hair, "an officer in the Guards was travelling by the express night-train to Southampton. In the same first-class carriage there was a lady, very young and very handsome, and I am afraid that before they reached Winchester—(there were no other persons in the carriage)—she permitted this bold young Guardsman to imprint one kiss—he gave, and she allowed no more—upon her gloved hand. It was a freak, a caprice, a 'bit of fun,' just like the kiss which the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire gave a sweep when Mr. Fox was being elected for Westminster. But she made him take a solemn oath that he would never reveal what had taken place. It fell out that our Guardsman, about six months afterwards, did, in the smoking-room of his club in St. James's-street, break his oath, and with the boastful, lying qualities, common to men, gave the story with some additions and alterations perfectly and wantonly false. A fortnight afterwards he had an invitation to stay a week with a distant relation of his—an old admiral, who lived in a charming villa on the banks of the river Itchen, close to Southampton. He had never seen his relative before; but some family matter had to be arranged,

and he went down. He was received with the most cordial hospitality, especially by the admiral's wife, who was very young, and very handsome, and who, by the merest chance in the world, turned out to be the identical lady with whom he had travelled, per night express train from London to Southampton. She gave him her hand, ungloved this time, smiled upon him very sweetly, and just before dinner drew him on one side, and with a sweeter smile than ever told him, in a discreet whisper that, if he would come round at twelve o'clock that night to a certain window at the back of the house overlooking the river, and only separated from its brink by a narrow footway, she had something very important, and perhaps pleasant, to communicate to him. He came punctually at the appointed time. The moon was shining very brightly. The window was opened, and a lady in her night-dress beckoned a tall and handsome cavalier (as the novels say) to advance to her."

"And she let him in through the window. By Jove, what a plucky one!" "She said this: 'Captain Darell, you are a liar and a traitor.' She did this; she put a pistol to his head, right in the centre of his forehead, between his curling locks which parted in the middle, and she blew his brains out, and Captain Darell fell into the river Itchen, and was found there next day, very wet and very dead."

"She was hanged, of course."

"Not the least in the world. She took the precaution of throwing the pistol into the river as well as the man. There was a great talk about the affair. There was adjourned inquest after adjourned inquest; some called it murder, and some suicide; but as Captain Darell stood to lose enormously on the next Derby, and was dreadfully in debt besides, the general opinion inclined towards *felo de se*. He was buried very respectfully, and the Admiral's wife wore mourning for him."

This same lady is the great instance of the general success of villany. She begins by being a dancing girl in the streets of Genoa, where she falls in with an English druggist, who marries her. She runs away from him in a month, leads a disreputable life for some time, and then deludes and marries at Baden an old *roué* peer, anxious for a son. The old man dies, and she secures his property by the simple process of having his only male heir shot. She then marries, in the year 1845, an enormously wealthy duke, and becomes the leader of fashion in London. Being threatened with discovery by her first druggist husband, who burns with desire to dishonour a duke, she has him stabbed by a hired bravo, whom she sends out of the country with a handsome sum, and who rises to distinction in the police service of France. The upshot of her career is thus described:—

I saw her Grace the Duchess of Minniver looking more beautiful than ever, though she is past thirty now, at the Handel Festival, at the Crystal Palace. Her entertainments are also grander than ever; and they say that she is to be the next Mistress of the Robes. She has no children. She is a Puseyite of the most advanced category; and her piety and benevolence are in everybody's mouth.

Mr. Sala mistook his vocation when he undertook a novel. He has, undoubtedly, a certain sort of literary power which must make him invaluable to the periodicals with which he more commonly works. He has a great facility of description, though he abuses it by a prodigality of words in which he has no equal. And he has a marvellous retentiveness of memory for odd out-of-the-way facts and phrases, which give a gaudy, though, perhaps, meretricious, colouring to these descriptions. The gift has its snare, unquestionably. It occasionally plays him false, as when it induces him to include poor Vittoria Colonna in a list of the illustrious frail, or to taunt the Church with "the livings of great corpulence" which the Bishop of Bombay has to give away. We wish Mr. Sala better luck than to be one of that or any other colonial Bishop's presentees. But its superabundant activity is far more noxious to his style than its occasional stumbles. He describes so readily that he is never tired of describing. His recollection of all that he has seen is so irrepressibly minute that, in spite of the picturesque and forcible expressions which flow so readily from his pen, his description often degenerates into an inventory. There is a picture of a curiosity shop in the second volume, and another of a rag shop in the third, in each of which two pages are devoted to a mere list of the names of the objects they contained. Such passages read more like the catalogue of an auctioneer than a novelist's narrative. And the fault, of which these two are extreme cases, pervades more or less all his pictures. Yet there are descriptions of unquestionable power. The pictures of abject poverty and of the low haunts of dissipation, of the tramp and of the pot-house—though occasionally deformed by attempts to emulate Mr. Dickens's special formulas of wit—show a vividness, and a finish, and an attention to probabilities for which we vainly look in the descriptions of aristocratic life, male or female. Surely the time has gone by for preaching in the market-place that every lady is heartless and frivolous, if not worse, and every gentleman a worn-out scamp. But mere powers of description, whether faithful or libellous, are not a novelist's main qualifications. They will go very little way towards making a story endurable which ignores all shades of difference in its characters and violates all probabilities in its plot.

NEWLAND'S LIFE OF ANTONIO DE DOMINIS.*

SPALATRO, the ancient Salona, famous to the historian and the moralist for the memory of Diocletian and his cabbages, and to the architectural student as preserving the best specimen of the debasement of the Roman style and of the disuse of the entablature (see Thomas Hope's *Historical Essay*, p. 81), be-

* *The Life and Contemporaneous Church History of Antonio de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalatro, which included the Kingdoms of Dalmatia and Croatia; afterwards Dean of Windsor, Master of the Savoy, and Rector of West Ilsley, in the Church of England, in the reign of James I.* By Henry Newland, D.D., Dean of Ferns. Oxford: J. H. Parker. 1859.

came curiously linked with English Church history in the early part of the seventeenth century, in the person of its celebrated archbishop, Mark Antony de Dominis. That so high an ecclesiastical dignitary, a man, too, of unusual learning and ability, should have abandoned the Roman Church for the Anglican, should have explained the motives of his conversion in an elaborate essay—perhaps unanswerable, but certainly unanswered—and should have taken part, as an Anglican clergyman, in certain episcopal consecrations, thereby, in the opinion of many, rectifying any defect as to apostolical succession in the Anglican prelacy, must be allowed to be a remarkable and interesting episode in Church history. And it is singular that the life of this important convert has never been made the subject of a distinct biography till our own day. For, though the whole story of De Dominis is dismissed by Hume in half-a-dozen lines, and is altogether ignored—not unnaturally, perhaps—by Lingard, yet Fuller, and Heylyn, and Collier give it at some length, and much original matter might be supposed to lie buried in the controversial volumes or tracts to which the archbishop's conversion, and re-conversion, gave rise. Accordingly, the present Dean of Ferns, who published some years ago a series of essays on the life of De Dominis, has now collected them in a revised and enlarged form in the volume under review.

We regret to say that the work is exceedingly ill done. Dr. Newland seems to have made the least possible research for original information. He has not even examined the State Paper Office, in which various letters and documents concerning the Archbishop of Spalatro are known to exist. In fact, the racy pages of Thomas Fuller give almost, if not quite, as much information on the whole subject as this pretentious octavo, and in an infinitely pleasanter style. The story is not especially entertaining under any treatment; but the anecdotes, and quips, and jests which enliven every paragraph of the old historian, either lose their flavour, or disappear altogether, in the dreary chapters of the solemn modern dignitary. However, stupidity in a writer is less excusable than ignorance. There are very suspicious misprints throughout this volume, which we should be glad to ascribe to mere carelessness. A real scholar seldom speaks of an *officina Plautiniana* (sic) at Antwerp, nor did that excellent printer generally spell *Antverpiæ* with a *v*. Then, again, what can Dr. Newland mean by always adding an accent to the first syllable of *Régale*, and the last syllable of *Martenè*? In these days, when even a bishop is not expected to know Greek, it would be hard to demand such learning from a dean; so that we will not be hard upon a quotation from Bacon's *Apothegms*—spelt thus. But this forbearance can scarcely be extended to such a concord as *ecclesiam Anglicanum*; and we observe two typographical errors in two and a-half lines of Latin quoted in a note to page 216. And what are we to say to such astounding ignorance as is displayed in the following sentence?—"Yet, notwithstanding these treacherous appearances of favour, they doomed him to fire and faggot, and consigned him to their undying vengeance in the camp of Flora." After all, it was only the dead body of De Dominis which was burnt; and there is evidence that he died a natural death in prison. But what can possibly be meant by the "camp of Flora"? It is only Dr. Newland's literal translation of *in campo Flora*. Dr. Wordsworth, in the preface to his edition of Crakanthorp's *Defensio Ecclesie Anglicane*, which is a polemical reply to the Archbishop of Spalatro, has elegantly said:—"Post mortem, hereticæ pravitate ab Inquisitoribus damnatus est; libri a carnifici usque, corpus exhumatum, et in campo Floræ igni crematum est." The Dean of Ferns has fallen into this trap, and yet Fuller had translated these very difficult words for him. "Several articles of heresy are charged upon him, and he, found convict thereof, is condemned to have his body burnt by the public executioner in the field of Flora, which was performed accordingly." The Campus Floræ is a well-known locality in Rome, where sentences are promulgated and executed: and it will be remembered that the phrase occurred in the late Papal excommunication of the abettors in the revolt of the Romagna. What unimaginable combination of Pagan and Papal horrors the words "the camp of Flora" suggested to Dr. Newland's mind it is hard to say.

The style in which this life of De Dominis is written is inconceivably stilted and obscure. We could quote many sentences in which there is no meaning to be made out. We take the following as an average specimen:—"For other teachers, ignorant of what they have declared the true interpretation, or biased by mistaken or prejudiced opinions, misstate, either from ignorance or design, what these ancient instructors have recorded; so that they adulterate or falsify what may have been truly taught, or they invent or develop some novel interpretation of the Word of God, as if it were the ancient meaning of the Church, or delivered by authority to her members as the present one." Or this, as an example of fustian:—"The art of printing was, therefore, hailed with rapturous delight by the intellect of the universe, as it would serve as a golden thread to conduct the imprisoned slaves of darkness into the light of day." Or this lucid sentence, which makes us deeply sympathize with those who are doomed to listen to the Dean's sermons:—"For what dependence could be placed on a sovereign, and at a period of our history when kings were rulers of their dominions more than in name, who at one period patronized Grotius and his system of pacification of religious parties, and immediately afterwards, for political designs and the tricks of state, sustained with all his energy, aided by the abilities and piety of the holiest and most learned men of the

Church of England, Gomarus, and the questionable policy, perhaps, of the Synod of Dort, but the undignified demeanour, certainly, of its foremost chieftains?"

Enough as to the literary demerits of this work. Morally it is little better. The Dean of Ferns is a bitter partisan, and the whole book is an invective against the Roman Catholic Church. We may well say *Non tali auxilio*. Dr. Newland's logic is of the feeblest kind, and he is quite unable to perceive that half his arguments might be retorted against his own positions. This is not the spirit in which so very curious a fact as the temporary conformity of De Dominis to the Church of England ought to be examined and narrated. Accordingly the memoir before us may be considered as quite worthless psychologically or polemically. Dr. Newland has thrown no light upon the character or sincerity of this remarkable convert. He seems to think that the archbishop, although the friend of Paolo Sarpi and of our Bishop Bedell, was never quite honest; and he echoes Fuller's opinion, that avarice and ambition were his ruling passions and motives. It is hard to form an opinion on so difficult and so disputed a matter as this without the aid of further facts, or a more candid examination of the archbishop's writings. But our own opinion, after perusing all that Dr. Newland has to say, is, we confess, less unfavourable to De Dominis. It seems to us that he was undeniably dissatisfied with the Papal theory and pretensions, and that his great book, *De Republica Ecclesiastica*, expresses very much what most moderate theologians of the Anglican school would unreservedly endorse. De Dominis abandoned a good deal by coming to England, and the preferments with which he was rewarded were not excessive in those days of pluralities. It was not uncommon then to confer benefices upon distinguished foreigners who conformed to the Church of England. Isaac Casaubon, for example, was made a canon of Canterbury. Whether it was mere restlessness that induced De Dominis to return to his old spiritual allegiance, or whether he was seduced by the specious promises of the Papal court, conveyed to him through Gondomar, it is impossible to decide. It is surely not improbable that, upon further experience, he was less satisfied than he expected to be with the English system. It may have seemed to him to deviate from his ideal Christian Church as much by defect as the Roman communion did by excess. And it would be unjust to forget that he was probably sincere, and even hopeful, in his opinion that he might possibly succeed in healing the Western schism and re-uniting the Reformed and Roman Churches. The bright vision which has entranced Grotius, Leibnitz, and Bossuet, may have dazzled the eyes of the friend and follower of the great Venetian, Padre Paolo. And if he found in England, as he must have found at that crisis, very little sympathy with this project, we may understand perhaps why he revolted against a mere quiet conformity within the rather narrow limits of our insular Church. Be this as it may, the unhappy man paid dearly for his palinode. He was never reinstated in his dignities; he was obliged to recant his so-called heresies, and after a few years of anxious detention in Rome he died there in prison. His body and his works were burnt in public, and, in his epitaph, he was described as dying impenitent. But it is said that to the last he asserted that his great work had remained unanswered. If this was his treatment at Rome, his memory fared little better in England. Crakanthorp thus adjures him: "O hominem villissimum, apostatam, Atheum, omnifidum, nullifidum, bipedem omnium miserrimum, ejus cordi ac fibris plus fraudis et fellis inest quam Magi Simonis; qui fidem ac religionem non aliter quam marsupio tuo metiris; cui non lingua solum et stylus et manus et mens, sed religio, fides, etiam et Deus ipse venalis est."

Dr. Newland does not deign to describe the personal appearance of his hero. Let us borrow it from Fuller. "He was of a comely personage, tall stature, gray beard, grave countenance, fair language, fluent expression, somewhat abominous, and corpulent in his body. Of so imperious and domineering spirit, that (as if the tenant were the landlord), though a stranger, he offered to controul the Archbishop of Canterbury in his own house. . . . In a word, he had too much wit and learning to be a cordial Papist, and too little honesty and religion to be a sincere Protestant." So far Fuller. We have to thank Lord Bacon for recording the evasive opinion expressed of him by one of the greatest men of that age. "The Lord Bishop Andrews was asked at the first coming over of the Archbishop of Spalatro, whether he were a Protestant or no. He answered, 'Truly, I know not; but I think he is a detestant'—that was of most of the opinions of Rome."

The life of Marco Antonio de Dominis has yet to be written with impartiality and a thorough acquaintance with the subject. Dr. Newland's book is that of a literary pretender.

SHIPWRECKS OF THE ROYAL NAVY.*

THIS book contains accounts of about forty shipwrecks which occurred in the Royal Navy between the years 1793 and 1852; and it is designed to exhibit, in the most trying circumstances, the discipline and fortitude to which British sailors have

* *Narratives of Shipwrecks of the Royal Navy between 1793 and 1857.* Compiled principally from Official Documents in the Admiralty. By William O. S. Gilly. With a Preface by William Stephen Gilly, D.D. Third Edition, revised. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1857.

often owed their safety amid the most fearful violence of winds and waves, no less than the long series of brilliant triumphs gained by them over their country's enemies. The editor of the book fitly introduces a narrative of events commencing with the great European war by some observations written in a spirit which was more common sixty years ago than it is now. He hopes he may ascribe the good conduct of British sailors in the trying hours of shipwreck and fire at sea to the religious feeling which they bring with them from their homes; and he thinks that the French displayed less calmness and resource in similar emergencies because their conduct was not guided by the same sure principle:—

From the first outbreak of the Revolution, the French sailor who entered the service of his country as a volunteer or a conscript was imbued with infidel notions, or, to say the least, with the religious indifference which had become so common in France.

This is a view of history which must surely have been derived from the excellent but tedious volumes of Sir Archibald Alison. Providence was on the side of the Tories, who deserved the preference they enjoyed. We are reminded by the above passage of Field Marshal Suwarrow's instructions to his troops when he exercised them in thrusting with the bayonet:—"One thrust for a Turk, two for a Pole, three for a Frenchman—the light, skipping, God-forgetting French." The persuasion that the French were the enemies of Heaven, no less than of the British King and his allies, was perhaps a natural result of the tremendous conflict during which it became prevalent. It was at least as reasonable as the opinion so generally entertained about the same time in France, that Mr. Pitt was the enemy of the human race. But we could wish that this author's belief as to the religious character of the British navy rested upon some more conclusive evidence than the valour and patience with which that navy contended against the French. His argument appears to be, that sailors who displayed remarkable courage and self-possession must have been religious, and he selects one or two examples concerning which we will only say that that which is most certain is that the actors in them were brave men, and we see no harm in supposing, if any one chooses to suppose so, that they were also pious men. But we do strongly object to a suggestion which here and there occurs, that a few men who were saved out of a great number deserved, or at least obtained, this preference in consideration of their obedience, whether founded or not founded in religion. Thus, four men of the *St. George*, three-decker, wrecked on the Danish coast, asked permission to try to reach the shore in a boat. Leave was given, but afterwards withdrawn, because it was considered impossible that the boat could live. "Without a murmur they instantly obeyed; and as if Providence had rewarded this implicit obedience and reliance upon their officers, two of these men were of the few that were saved." Now, if the author intends here to assume that these four men were more obedient than their shipmates, he is contradicted by the facts which he narrates; and if he assumes that they were more religious, the assumption is entirely gratuitous. He tells us somewhere that an officer said to his ship's company that it could not make much difference to them whether they died like children or like men, and therefore he expected they would all do their duty; and they did it. The author disapproves of this exhortation; but who can tell whether the crew of the *St. George* were not addressed in the same spirit? It is at least quite as orthodox as the author's suggestion, that the two men saved out of the *St. George* obtained this reward for their exemplary obedience. One among many objections to such a theory of Providence is that, among four equally deserving sailors, two were saved and two were left to perish with the undistinguished crowd. Mr. Gilly's work has considerable value, but he must not suppose that he has been either judicious or successful in his attempts at explaining the inscrutable ways of Providence. The purport of his book seems to be that men of eminent courage must necessarily be religious, and that religion is certain of its reward either in this world or in the next. According to modern views, very brave men are assured of the Victoria Cross if they live, and of salvation if they die; and it is to be hoped that these encouraging arrangements will counteract any terrors which might be inspired by the destructive powers of improved artillery.

We find a further proof of the author's shallowness of thought in his proposal for the appointment of an examiner of naval schools as a certain means of promoting religion in the fleet. He points to the excellent results produced by the Inspectors of Schools employed by the Privy Council. Now, these Inspectors have undoubtedly given to the world a series of very curious Blue-books; and we may add that they have actively superintended the growth of a knowledge of Bible history in numerous schools. But we fear that the progress of religion cannot be accurately estimated by statistics. However, let there be naval schools, and let those schools be properly inspected. We only regret that we cannot join with Mr. Gilly in his belief that inspectors of naval schools and all other officials, including the Board of Admiralty, are certain to realize all the hopes that might be conceived of them. It is a pity that this well-meaning writer could not be satisfied without tacking a moral to his moving tale. Why not be content with recording, in simple language, how in the British navy—

One equal temper of heroic hearts

has confronted the snow-storms of winter in the North Sea and the hurricanes of summer in the Tropics? He says, most truly,

that the blockading service of the long war had much to do in training our seamen to passive heroism and enduring fortitude. Vigilance, promptitude, and patience, were tried to the utmost when, amid wintry tempests, fleets, squadrons, and single ships fought constantly with the elements in order not to miss a chance of fighting with the foe. With few intermissions, the blockade of the port of Brest may be said to have been maintained for twenty years. And while French influence predominated in the North, a British fleet appeared summer after summer in the Baltic, and scarcely withdrew in time to escape the perils of intricate navigation amid the darkness, storms, ice, and snow of winter. It will be remembered how, in the late war with Russia, the allied fleet returned home from the Baltic with what some persons thought undue haste. There may have been in that fleet officers who had not forgotten that, in 1811, Lord de Saumarez lost three line-of-battle ships and two thousand men by delaying his retreat too long. One of those ships, the *St. George*, had got aground off the island of Zealand, and lost her masts and rudder. These losses could only be imperfectly supplied, and as the ship was thus disabled, two other ships, the *Cressy* and the *Defence*, were ordered to attend her when the squadron resumed its voyage to England. A gale arose before it had cleared the Danish coast, and after a five days' struggle the *St. George* was driven ashore and wrecked. The *Cressy* saved herself by standing off the land, but the captain of the *Defence* refused to abandon his admiral without a signal, and his ship shared the fate of the *St. George*. Rear-Admiral Reynolds, whose flag was carried by the *St. George*, had known the perils of another wintry night, when his frigate, the *Amazon*, together with the *Indefatigable*, commanded by Sir Edward Pellew, attacked the French line-of-battle ship, *Droits de l'Homme*, in a storm and near to a lee shore. The *Amazon* and *Droits de l'Homme* were lost, and the *Indefatigable* escaped almost by a miracle. And now the same gallant officer was destined to lose a second ship, and with it the lives of himself and of all his crew except seven men. It was on the morning of the 24th of December, 1811, that the *St. George* was driven ashore on the coast of Jutland. All her boats, except a small one, had either been stove or washed overboard. Her crew, originally consisting of 750 men, was thinned during the day by the severity of the weather and the force of the waves which burst over them. The dead bodies were piled in rows by the survivors as a shelter from the violence of the sea. In one of these rows lay Rear-Admiral Reynolds and his captain. At last, the strength of the strongest and the spirit of the boldest failed, and no living man now clung to the wreck of the *St. George*. At a distance of two and a half miles the *Defence* was suffering the same fate, "in consequence of the noble and heroic determination of the captain to stay to the last by his admiral at a moment of extreme danger and distress." We quote these words from the finding of a Court Martial. Of this ship's crew of 600 men, all except six perished. Just at the same time another ship of the Baltic fleet, the *Hero*, also on her homeward voyage, was lost on a shoal near the Texel. The *Minotaur* had been lost nearly at the same time and place the year before, through the error of her pilot, who supposed himself to be near the opposite or English coast. The *Hero* hoisted a flag of truce, and fired guns as she lay on the shoal; and the Dutch, who were then under the control of France, and—at least in name—enemies, put out from the Texel to her relief; but the strong wind and tide prevented their getting nearer than three miles. The *Grasshopper* gun-brig, which had anchored near the *Hero*, was forced to abandon all hope of aiding her, and to surrender to the Dutch as the only means of safety for herself. The *Hero* went to pieces during the night before Christmas Day, and every soul on board perished. Thus, almost at the same hour, 2000 officers and seamen were lost to the Baltic fleet—a number exceeding the total of killed and wounded in the Battle of Trafalgar.

It is difficult to select from the volume before us any one or more incidents which display more strikingly than many others the character of the British sailor, and of the service in which he is engaged. Some tales possess peculiar interest on account of the celebrity of the ships whose fate is recorded in them. Thus the *Venerable*, which carried Admiral Duncan's flag at Camperdown, was lost in Torbay, upon the rocks close to Paington. This was in November, 1804. The Channel fleet—which was lying, as it often did, in Torbay—put hastily to sea, probably to escape an on-shore gale. It is not often that the wind blows right into Torbay, but when it does, this usually safe and pleasant anchorage becomes most perilous. In weighing anchor, the *Venerable* had a man overboard. A boat lowered to save him was swamped, and in the confusion thus created the ship was allowed to fall off towards Brixham; and could not weather Berry Head. It was then inevitable that she must drive on shore. Her crew escaped, after clinging, through a dreadful night of suffering and expected death, to the upper-works of the sea-beaten wreck, and the *Venerable* went to pieces. The volume closes with the loss of the *Birkenhead* troop-ship on the coast of Africa, during the Caffre war. Every one remembers how that unlucky steamer perished in fine weather through hugging the shore too closely, and also how noble was the conduct, and how deeply deplored the fate, of the young soldiers whom she was carrying to their first campaign. It deserves attention that, of all the wrecks recorded in these pages, the most clearly attributable to human rashness, and in no respect to the

violence of the elements, was that of the *Birkenhead*, in the year 1852. Can it be that the sailor, who, as Mr. Gilly hopes, has grown more religious during the last half century, has also grown more reckless, and disdains the warnings of an experience which taught his forefathers to shun the dangers he is now too ready to provoke?

POPULAR MUSIC OF THE OLDEN TIME.*

MR. CHAPPELL'S book is a valuable contribution to our scanty stock of musical literature. It is well and carefully executed, and displays a patience in research and an accuracy of detail which must make it a reliable authority on points connected with the archaeology of English national music. In this respect it presents a happy contrast to the slovenly and inaccurate work of Dr. Burney, who, as Mr. Chappell shows in his introduction, took his authorities at secondhand, and in all probability never read the books he pretended to review. Prejudiced against English music and English musicians, his misquotations all tend in one direction; and throughout his whole work, which is all the more likely to mislead because it is easily and pleasantly written, he shows a desire to depreciate and even ridicule our national taste and capabilities. His extravagant passion for the Italian opera, the interests of which were promoted with such absurd fanaticism during the first years of its introduction, absorbed all his powers of appreciation. The madrigal, for instance, of which we can produce so many genuine English specimens of first-rate excellence, he calls "a many-headed monster." Sebastian Bach he scarcely mentions; and although Handel's operas are reviewed at considerable length, to his greater works—his oratorios—he often devotes only a single line. Nor have any collections of our old national music been published until the present time with sufficient care or judgment to afford a fair specimen of our really very considerable stock of compositions.

Dr. Crotch's "Specimens of various styles of music" contains a selection of English airs which is very unsatisfactory, as might be expected, from their choice having been given to one Malchair, a Spanish violin player at Oxford. The fact is, in spite of the assertion which is current to the contrary, we can show as large and as ancient a stock of national music as any nation—a statement, indeed, which Mr. Chappell has proved by his present publication. The extraordinary impetus which music has received, during the last few years, may in truth be regarded only as a revival of our national taste and predilections after a period of stagnation which the discouragement given to music by the Puritans had doubtless a great share in producing. In spite of the great name of Handel, there was no generally-diffused love or cultivation of music during the last century; and it is only of late years that the art has received an amount of attention and respect which has effectually removed from us the reproach of being an unmusical nation. It is curious that the first secular composition known to exist in parts in any country should be English. It consists of a round or canon for six voices, and has been pronounced by competent judges of manuscripts, among whom we may mention Sir Frederick Madden, as certainly belonging to the middle of the thirteenth century—which, according to Mr. Chappell, is accurate, if not two hundred years, earlier than any similar composition produced out of England. The words (modernized) are as follows:—

Summer is come in,
Loud sing Cuckoo!
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
And spring'th the wood now.
Sing Cuckoo.
Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth after calf [the] cow.
Bullock starteth, buck vetheth,
Merry sing Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, Cuckoo!
Well sing'st thou Cuckoo,
Nor cease thou never now.

A chapter is devoted by Mr. Chappell to English minstrelsy, extending over a period of two hundred years, from 1270 to 1480; in which he shows, by numerous quotations, in what general estimation music was held as an essential element of education. Of these, perhaps the most interesting are the passages which he gives from Chaucer, who abounds in allusions to the art under every form then known. In his description of the Squire he says:—

Syngynge he was or flowtyng [fluting] al the day;
He was as fresh as is the moneth of May:

He cowde songis wel make and endite,
Juste, and eke daunce, and wel purtray and write.

Again, of the Nun's vocal powers he gives the following quaint recommendation:—

Ful wel sche sang the service devyne,
Entuned in hire nose ful seemly.

Of the Mendicant Friar:—

Wel couthe he syngge and playe on a rote.

And in his harpyng, when that he had sung,
His eyghen [eyes] twynkeled in his hed aright,
As don the starres in the frosty night.

* *Popular Music of the Olden Time*; a Collection of Ancient Songs, Ballads, and Dance Tunes illustrative of the National Music of England. By W. S. Chappell, F.S.A. London: Cramer, Beale, and Chappell.

Of the Parish Clerk he says that he could—

Pleyen songes on a small rubble [rebec].
Therto he sang som tyme a lowde quynnyble;
And as wel coude he playe on a gitterne.

From these, and several other quotations which he gives, Mr. Chappell says—

We learn that country squires in the fourteenth century could pass the day in singing or playing the flute, and that some could "songes well make and indite;" that the most attractive accomplishment in a young lady was to be able to sing well, and that it afforded the best chance of her obtaining an eligible husband; also that the cultivation of music extended to every class. The miller of whose education Pierce Plowman speaks so slightly could play upon the bagpipe; and the apprentice both on the ribble and gittern. The musical instruments that have been named are the harp, psalter, fiddle, bagpipe, flute, trumpet, rote, rebec, and gittern. There remain the lute, organ, shalm (or shawn), and citole, the hautboy (or wayte), the horn, and shepherd's pipe; and the catalogue will be nearly complete, for the cittern or cithern differed chiefly from the gittern in being strung with wire instead of gut or other material. The sackbut was a brass trumpet with a slide, like the modern trombone; and the dulcimer differed chiefly from the psalter in the wires being struck, instead of being twitted by a plectrum, or quill, and therefore requiring both hands to perform on it.

We pass on to the reign of Elizabeth, during which music seems to have been cultivated with the greatest enthusiasm by all classes. Every gentleman was expected to be able to sing a part at sight, and to play upon some instrument; and the usual routine of a young lady's education was "to read and write, to play upon the virginals, lute and cittern, and to read prick-song (i.e., music written or pricked down) at first sight." Each trade had its special song, the viol di gamba hung in every drawing-room, while the lute, the cittern, the gittern, and the virginals were the necessary stock-in-trade of a barber for the amusement of waiting customers. The virginals resembled in shape the square pianoforte of the present day, but differed from the modern instrument in the fact that the strings were twitted by pieces of quill communicating with the keys instead of being struck by a hammer. Of the great proficiency which was attained upon this instrument we can form an adequate idea from a very interesting piece of antiquity which is preserved in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge—viz., the virginal book of Queen Elizabeth herself. The pieces there noted down are in many instances extremely difficult of execution, even with all the facilities afforded by the improvements of the modern pianoforte; so that, if the Queen was indeed able to perform them, she must have devoted considerable time and perseverance to the acquirement of the necessary proficiency.

Part-singing, and especially the singing rounds, or roundelays, and catches was general throughout England during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. . . . Tinkers, tailors, blacksmiths, servants, clowns, and others are so constantly mentioned as singing music in parts, and by so many writers, as to leave no doubt of the ability of at least many among them to do so.

Considerably more than a third of Mr. Chappell's first volume is devoted to the reign of Elizabeth, and abounds in interesting specimens of the music of the period, which he has illustrated by copious allusions, extracted from contemporary authors. Among these we find the "British Grenadier," which, although the date is extremely uncertain, Mr. Chappell considers is certainly derived from the same source as "Sir Edward Noel's Delight," and "All you that love Good Fellows," or "The London Prentice." The words of this song, however, cannot be older than 1678, when the Grenadier company was formed. A dissertation upon Morris Dancing, an explanation of the various dances in vogue at the period, and of the Cushion Dance in particular, of the game of Barley Break—the name, at least, of which is familiar to all musicians, from Morley's well-known madrigal "Now is the month of Maying"—and the illustrations in connexion with the tune called "The Carman's Whistle," may all be cited as worthy of attention. But perhaps the most interesting part of this portion of the work is the collection of songs which occur or are alluded to in Shakspeare, and which are above twenty in number. This list might be largely increased, the author having confined himself to anonymous songs and ballads, and not having included part songs, catches, or the music of known composers. A work, however, is in progress by Dr. Rimbault, devoted exclusively to the illustration of all the musical matter connected with Shakspeare, containing also such original music to his plays as was written during his lifetime. This, if carefully executed, will certainly be a most interesting and valuable work.

One of the best known of the songs given by Mr. Chappell is that entitled "Green Sleeves," and which is alluded to by Falstaff, and by Mrs. Ford in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. It is a favourite tune in the *Beggars' Opera*, and may even yet commonly be heard. The air is particularly merry and lively, and has been set to various words ever since the time of its composition, which seems in all probability to have been in the reign of Henry VIII. A considerable amount of interesting matter has been collected by Mr. Chappell in connexion with this air, one quotation from which, however, must suffice us:—

In Mr. Payne Collier's collection, and in that of the Society of Antiquaries, are copies of "A Warning to False Traitors, by example of fourteen; whereof six were executed in divers places near about London, and two near Brantford, the 25th day of August, 1588; also at Tyborne were executed, the 30th day six; viz., five men and one woman: to the tune of *Green Sleeves*," beginning

"You traitors all that do devise
To hurt our queen in treacherous wise,
And in your hearts do still surmise
Which way to hurt our England,

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Consider what the end will be
Of traitors all in their degree:
Hanging is still their destiny,
That trouble the peace of England."

The remainder of the first volume extends to the end of the reign of Charles I. The second contains a selection from the last-mentioned period to the commencement of the reign of George III.; to which are added several traditional tunes of uncertain date. Among these latter are included "O dear, what can the matter be," "The College Hornpipe," "The Bluebells of Scotland," "The Barley Mow," several well-known Christmas carols, &c.

We can only add that Mr. Chappell goes carefully into the vexed question of the authorship of the National Anthem, the evidence for which, as here given, certainly leans strongly in favour of one Henry Carey, who is the first person recorded to have sung "God save the King" in public. The whole matter, nevertheless, rests in great obscurity, and is further complicated by some suspicion of literary forgery in connexion with a musical MS. upon which the claims of Dr. John Bull to the authorship mainly rest. The controversy is, however, far too extensive for us to give within our prescribed limits; and we therefore close our notice of this interesting work by some remarks of the author at the conclusion of the book:—

The reader has found in the preceding pages most ample proofs of the love the English bore to music. They not only loved it themselves, but believed that even animals took equal pleasure in it. "As sheepe loveth pyping," says a writer of the fourteenth century, "therefore shepherdes useth pipes when they walk with their sheepe." "I am verily persuaded," says Dr. John Case, "that the ploughman and carter do not so much please themselves with their whistling as they are delightful to their oxen and horses . . . Every troublesome and laborious occupation useth musick for a solace and recreation, and hence it is that wayfaring men solace themselves with songs, and ease the wearisomeness of their journey; considering that musick, as a pleasant companion, is unto them instead of a waggon on the way. And hence it is that manual labourers, and mechanical artificers of all sorts, keepe such a chaunting and singing in their shoppes—the tailor on his bulk—the shoemaker at his last—the mason at his wall—the ship-boy at his oar—the tinker at his pan—and the tiler on the house-top." With such a description of England as the above, and the multitude of passages of similar purport already quoted, the reader will not doubt the justice of the title given to our land—MERIE ENGLAND.

THE WHITWORTH GUN.—In an article last week upon Armour Plates and Rifled Cannon, we compared the effects of the WHITWORTH and ARMSTRONG guns upon wrought-iron plates. The description of the results attained by Sir W. ARMSTRONG would be made more complete by quoting the following passage from a statement made by him in the recent discussion at the Institution of Civil Engineers:—

"On a former occasion, on firing against wrought-iron plates four inches thick, upon a floating battery, two of the shot traversed both the plate and the timber. . . . That was done at a very short range, less than 400 yards, and with flat-ended shot, such as Mr. WHITWORTH had previously used."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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London: Published at 39, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—LA TENTATION will be given for the LAST TIME on MONDAY. Mlle. DUVERGER. Positively the LAST APPEARANCE of M. BRINDEAU.
Orchestra Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 5s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Private Boxes, from Two Guineas.

MUSICAL UNION.—HALE and STRAUSS, Violinist, his LAST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON, TUESDAY, at Half-past Three o'clock. Quartet 40 in D (first time), Hardin; Trio in D, Op. 70, Beethoven; Quintet in A, Mendelssohn; Soles, Piano-forte; Bach, Heller, &c. Artists, Strauss, Godrie, R. Blagrove, Webb, and Piatiti. Pianist, C. Haldé.
Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had of Cramer and Co., Chappell, and Olivier, Bond-street.
No artists in future to be admitted without tickets signed by

J. ELLA, Director.

JERUSALEM.—TWO GREAT PICTURES, by SELOUS, each 13 feet by 8 feet, containing more than 200 special points of interest. 1. "Jerusalem in her Grandeur, A.D. 33, with Christ's Triumphant Entry into the Holy City." 2. "Jerusalem in her Fall, as now viewed from the Mount of Olives." The above Pictures are NOW ON VIEW at Messrs. LEGGATT, HAYWARD, and LEGGATT'S, 79, Cornhill. Open daily, from Nine to Six o'clock. Free.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—

The FIFTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 5, PAUL MALL EAST (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dark. Admittance free. Catalogue, 6d.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

MESSRS. DICKINSON'S EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS AND MINIATURES is NOW OPEN. Admission by Address Cards.—114, New Bond-street.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.—The TRIUMPHANT MEETING OF HAVELOCK, OUTRAM, and Sir COLIN CAMPBELL.—This great PICTURE, by T. J. BARKER, from Drawings and Pictures taken expressly at Lucknow, by Egon LUDWIG, is NOW ON VIEW at the LUCKNOW GALLERY (Messrs. THOS. AGNEW and Sons), 5, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, from Ten to Six o'clock.

ARUNDEL SOCIETY.—All lovers of Early Italian Art are invited to inspect the reduced Water-colour Copies from Frescoes by MASACCI, B. GOZZOLI, PINTURICCHIO, FRANCESCA, FILIPPINO LIPPI, &c., at the Society's Rooms. Prospectuses of a plan for the separate publication of each subject may be obtained on application, personally or by letter, to Mr. F. MAYNARD, Assistant Secretary, 21, Old Bond-street, W. JOHN NORTON, Honorary Secretary.

THE KOH-I-NOOR DIAMOND, recut since the Exhibition of 1851, will be EXHIBITED, by the gracious permission of the Queen, at the CONVERSATION to be held at the SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM on the 21st JUNE next, in aid of the Funds for Building the Female School of Art. Gentlemen's Tickets, 5s. each; Ladies, 2s. 6d. each: to be had at the Museum.

NEW FLORAL HALL, COVENT GARDEN. EXHIBITION OF FLOWERS.

On WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY NEXT, June 13th and 14th, a GRAND EXHIBITION OF FLOWERS will take place in the NEW FLORAL HALL, COVENT GARDEN. Admission, 2s. 6d. Open from Ten in the Morning until Seven in the Evening.

PRIVATE VIEW.

The Exhibition will be Arranged and the Floral Hall Illuminated on the Evening previously to the Two Public Days above announced—viz., on Tuesday Evening next, June 12th. That Evening will be set apart for the exclusive Admission to the Flower Show of the Subscribers to the Opera present, as well as to the Visitors to the Boxes, Pit Stalls, or Pit, all of whom will be presented with a Card of Entrance.

J. B. GOUGH'S FAREWELL ORATIONS, on JUNE 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th, in EXETER HALL. The Right Hon. Lord BRURY will preside on MONDAY EVENING NEXT. Sir GEORGE STICKLAND, Bart., will preside on TUESDAY EVENING, June 12th. W. J. GARNETT, Esq., M.P., will preside on WEDNESDAY EVENING, June 13th. The Right Hon. Lord CALTHORPE will preside on THURSDAY EVENING, June 14th. The Right Hon. the Earl of SHAFTESBURY will preside on FRIDAY AFTERNOON, June 15th.
The Chair will be taken each Evening at Eight o'clock; on Friday the Chair will be taken at Three o'clock. Admission by Tickets, 2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d. each. To be had at the Office of the National Temperance League, 57, Strand.

A GRADUATE IN HOLY ORDERS wishes to ACCOMPANY ONE or TWO YOUNG MEN as TUTOR on a CONTINENTAL TOUR during the Summer. He has been accustomed to Foreign Travel.—Address B. A., 11, Conduit-street, Gloucester-terrace.

AN UNDERGRADUATE, who is preparing for an approaching UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION, would be glad to reside, the next few months, with some Gentleman in the country who is fully qualified to direct his studies, and who has sufficient time to devote to that purpose.—Address, with terms, particulars of residence, &c., to A. B., 105, Fenchurch-street, London.

MILL HILL SCHOOL.—The Rev. WM. FLAVEL HURNELL, M.A., Ph.D. (late of Worcester), has been appointed Head Master and Chaplain of the Mill Hill School, and will MEET the PUPILS to commence the work of the Session on WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1860.—Further information may be obtained from the Rev. THOMAS REES, Resident Secretary, Mill Hill, near Hendon, Middlesex.

CUDDESDON THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

Visitor.—The LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD.

Principal.—The Rev. H. H. SWINNY, M.A., late Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge. Vice-Principal.—The Rev. W. H. DAVEY, M.A., Lincoln College, Oxford. Chaplain and Assistant-Lecturer.—The Rev. EDWARD KING, M.A., Oriel College, Oxford.

The College is under the immediate direction of the LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD. It is intended as a place of residence for religious preparation and theological study, between graduating at the University and being admitted to Holy Orders.

The College is open to all who have passed the final examination at Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, or Trinity College, Dublin; and King's College, London.

Students are not in any way pledged to take Orders within the Diocese of Oxford. Opportunities constantly occur of finding desirable Curacies as titles in many of the English Dioceses.

The next Term commences July 28th. There is an Exhibition now vacant of £20 per annum.

The Rev. J. Clething's Exhibition for the Son of a Clergyman is tenable at this College.

Any further particulars may be ascertained by reference to

The Rev. The PRINCIPAL,

Cuddesdon College, Wheatley, near Oxford.

ARMY, INDIA CIVIL SERVICE, &c., EXAMINATIONS.—A Military Tutor, who has several Candidates for the above reading with him for the next Examination, will be happy to meet with others, resident or non-resident. His Establishment can be highly recommended for its discipline and efficiency by persons of very high standing, whose Sons have passed distinguished Examinations. One of them obtained nearly the highest number of marks at the India Civil Service Examination last year. The best Masters in every branch of Education are in attendance, and the House Library and general management afford every facility for rapid progress, without having recourse to "cramming."—Apply to Mr. SPRANGE, M.A., 12, Princess-square, Baywater, W.

THE TURKISH BATH, PALACE STREET, PIMLICO.—Near Buckingham Gate, is OPEN to the Public DAILY (Sunday excepted), from Seven A.M. till Nine P.M.

ELIGIBLE INVESTMENT.—TO CAPITALISTS.—A FEW PAID-UP SHARES for IMMEDIATE SALE in the FRANCO-BELGIAN INDIA-RUBBER COMPANY (En Commandite), Limited Liability. Estimated dividend in December next about 15 per cent. Also, a FEW PAID-UP SHARES in the NATIONALE CAOUTCHOUC SOUPLE COMPANY, Limited, whose dividends from its formation in 1856 to 1859 have exceeded 75 per cent. The dividend in March next is expected to be 25 per cent.—Apply to Messrs. BRUNTON and Co., 5, Barge-yard, Bucklersbury, E.C.

ECCLESIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—THE ANNUAL MEETING will be held on MONDAY, June 11th, at Eight P.M. in the Gallery of the ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION, 11, Conduit-street, Mr. BRERESFORD HOPE, President, in the Chair. Persons desirous of admission may be admitted by sending in their Cards to the President. The subject of discussion will be "The Tendencies of Free-Radicalism, and its Connection with the Gothic Movement."

CHURCH OF ENGLAND BOOK-HAWKING UNION.

Patron.—H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.

The ANNUAL MEETING will be held at WILLIS'S ROOMS, St. James's, on WEDNESDAY, June 13th, 1860, at Three o'clock. The Right Hon. the EARL OF CARNARVON in the Chair. The LORD BISHOPS OF LICHFIELD, ROCHESTER, and SALISBURY; R. BAXTER, Esq.; The Right Hon. Sir J. T. COLERIDGE; and E. A. SLANEY, Esq., M.P., are expected to take part in the proceedings.

Tickets may be obtained of the Hon. Secs., Rev. Peter Lilly, Kewworth, Derby, Rev. Nicholas J. Ridley, Hollington House, Newbury; and of Messrs. Ajioti and Son, 4, Fater-noster-row; and Mr. Skelington, 106, Piccadilly.

TITHE REDEMPTION TRUST.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE TITHE REDEMPTION TRUST will be held at the SOCIETY'S ROOMS, No. 1, Adam-street, Adelphi, on THURSDAY, the 1st instant, at One o'clock.

The Right Hon. LORD JOHN MANNERS, M.P., in the Chair. There will be HOLY COMMUNION, and a SERMON preached by the LORD BISHOP of SALISBURY, at St. Michael's Parish Church, Burlington-street, Strand, at Eleven o'clock on the Morning of the Meeting.

By Order of the Board,

1, Adam-street, Adelphi, 6th June, 1860.

HENRY RADCLIFFE, Secretary.

CHAPEL ROYAL, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.—On SUNDAY, June 17th, SERMONS will be PREACHED in this CHAPEL for the SCHOOLS OF THE PRECINCT, in the Morning, by the Right Reverend the LORD BISHOP of CROCHESTER; in the Evening, by the Rev. HENRY WHITE, Chaplain of the Precinct. Morning Service at Eleven; Evening Service at Seven.

(Signed) JOHN OGDEN, Chapel Warden.

Savoy Precinct, June 6th, 1860.

BONUS DIVISION. GLOBE INSURANCE, CORNHILL, AND CHANCING CROSS, LONDON.

Established 1803.

WILLIAM CHAPMAN, Esq., *Chairman.*
SHEFFIELD NEAVE, Esq., *Deputy-Chairman.*
GEORGE CARR GLYN, Esq., M.P., *Treasurer.*

BOYCE COMBE, Esq.
THOMAS M. COOMBS, Esq.
WILLIAM DENT, Esq.
J. W. FRESHFIELD, Esq., F.R.S.
JOHN RANKES FRIEND, Esq.
ROBERT W. GAUSSEN, Esq.
E. LAMBERT JONES, Esq.
JOHN EDWARD JOHNSON, Esq.

NATH. MONTEFIORE, Esq.
FOWLER NEWSAM, Esq.
W. H. C. FLOWDEN, Esq., F.R.S.
WM. TITE, Esq., M.P., F.R.S.
R. WESTMACOTT, Esq., F.R.S.
JOSIAH WILSON, Esq.
BENJAMIN G. WINDUS, Esq.

AUDITORS.

Lieut.-Colonel WILLIAM ELSLEY. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, Esq.

The CASH PAYMENTS under the division of PROFITS recently declared on PARTICIPATING LIFE Policies, is equal at most ages to considerably more than a WHOLE YEAR'S PREMIUM on Policies of six years' standing.

All classes of FIRE, LIFE, and ANNUITY business transacted.—Rates of Premium very Economical.—No Charge for VOLUNTEER, RIFLE, and MILITIA Service within the United Kingdom.

WILLIAM NEWMARCH, *Secretary.*

NORTH BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER AND ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital—One Million.

Head Office—64, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.
DAVID SMITH, *Manager.* JOHN OGILVIE, *Secretary.*
London Office—4, NEW BANK BUILDINGS, LOTHBURY.

LIFE ASSURANCE.
1860.

POLICIES EFFECTED WITH THIS COMPANY DURING THE PRESENT YEAR WILL BE ENTITLED TO SIX YEARS' BONUS AT NEXT DIVISION OF PROFITS.

The Company last year issued 605 Policies, Assuring £440,000.

At last Investigation, 31st December, 1859, the ascertained Profits amounted to £130,000.

ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THE COMPANY.

SECURITY.—The Company has now been established for Fifty years; and, in addition to the Capital, the ACCUMULATED FUNDS AMOUNT TO £1,001,484.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.—The large proportion of NINETY PER CENT. is allotted to Policies, with Profits.

FREEDOM FROM RESTRICTION.—Certificates are issued freeing Policies from all restrictions which can affect their Marketable Value, and making them indisputable.

The attention of the Public is specially called to the DOUBLE INSURANCE SYSTEM.—HALF PREMIUM SYSTEM.—AND ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY SYSTEM.—lately adopted by this Office. For full particulars, reference is made to the Prospectus of the Company.

Members of Volunteer Corps are not charged additional Premium.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Company insure against Fire every description of Property, at the lowest rates of Premium corresponding to the risk. Rents of Buildings also insured.

Prospectuses and all necessary information may be obtained on application at the Head Office, No. 64, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH, or any of the Agents in the Country.

4, New Bank Buildings, Lothbury, R. STRACHAN, *Secretary.*
London, March, 1860.

HAND-IN-HAND INSURANCE OFFICE,

No. 1, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1860.

DIRECTORS.

The Hon. William Ashley.
The Hon. Sir Edward Cust.
Arthur Eden, Esq.
John Letson Elliot, Esq.
James Esdaile, Esq.
John Gurney Hoare, Esq.

T. Fuller Maitland, Esq.
William Scott, Esq.
John Sperling, Esq.
Thomas Turner, Esq.
Henry Wilson, Esq.
Henry Esdaile Winter, Esq.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

RESOLVED.—That persons whose lives are insured in this Office be insured without extra Premium, against all risks to which they may be exposed whilst engaged in the Militia, or in any Yeomanry, Rifle, or other Volunteer Corps, acting within the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, whether in time of peace or war.

This Office offers a low scale of Premium to Non-members without participation in profits, or a Member's scale of Premiums with an Annual participation in the whole of the profits, after five Annual payments.

For the last twelve years participation in profits has yielded an Annual statement of 23 per cent. on the premiums of all Policies of five or more years' standing.

The effect of the statement is thus shown:—

Age when insured.	Sum insured.	Annual Premium for first Five Years.	Reduced Annual Premium.
30	£ 500	£ s. d. 13 7 1	£ s. d. 6 7 0
40	1000	23 10 2	10 2 8
50	2500	51 10 0	23 1 8

Insurances effected before the 24th June next, will participate in profits in the year 1860.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Insurances effected at the usual rates.

By order of the Board.

RICHARD RAY, *Secretary.*

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

BONUS YEAR.

SIXTH DIVISION OF PROFITS.

All Policies now effected will participate in the Profit to be made as at 15th NOVEMBER NEXT.

The Standard was established in 1825.

The first Division of Profits took place in 1835; and subsequent Divisions have been made in 1840, 1846, 1850, and 1855.

The Profits to be divided in 1860 will be those which have arisen since 1855.

ACCUMULATED FUND £1,084,698 2 10
ANNUAL REVENUE 289,231 13 6
Annual Average of New Assurances effected during the last Ten Years, upwards of HALF A MILLION STERLING.

WILL THOS. THOMSON, *Manager.*
H. JONES WILLIAMS, *Resident Secretary.*
LONDON 32, KING WILLIAM STREET.
EDINBURGH 3, GEORGE STREET (Head Office).
DUBLIN 65, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

EQUITABLE ASSURANCE OFFICE,

NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.—ESTABLISHED IN 1762.

The Amount added to the existing Policies for the whole continuance of Life at the decennial division of profits in December last, was ONE MILLION NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS, making, with former additions then outstanding, a total of FOUR MILLIONS AND SEVENTY THOUSAND POUNDS, which amounts to Sixty-seven per cent. on the sums originally assured in all those Policies.

The BONUSES paid on claims in the ten years ending on the 31st December, 1859, exceeded

THREE MILLIONS AND A HALF,

being more than 100 per cent. on the amount of all those claims.

The CAPITAL, on the 1st November, 1859, £5,400,000 sterling.

The INCOME exceeds £420,000 per annum.

POLICIES effected in the current year (1860) will PARTICIPATE in the DISTRIBUTION OF PROFITS ordered in DECEMBER LAST, so soon as Six Annual Premiums shall have become due and been paid thereon; and, in the division of 1860, will be entitled to additions in respect of EVERY PREMIUM paid upon them from the years 1861 to 1860, inclusive.

The EQUITABLE is an entirely mutual Office, in which TWO-THIRDS OF THE CLEAR SURPLUS is decennially divided among the POLICY HOLDERS, and ONE-THIRD RESERVED FOR SECURITY, and as an Accumulating Fund, in augmentation of other profits for future periodical distribution.

No extra premium is charged for service in any Volunteer Corps within the United Kingdom, during peace or war.

A WEEKLY COURT OF DIRECTORS is HELD EVERY WEDNESDAY, from Eleven to One o'clock, to receive proposals for New Assurances; and "a Prospectus" of the Society may be had on application at the Office, where attendance is given daily, from Ten to Four o'clock.

ARTHUR MORGAN, *Actuary.*

REDUCTION OF THE WINE DUTIES.

THE OXFORD SHERRY, 30s. per dozen, bottles included.—CADIZ WINE COMPANY, 55, St. James's-street, London. N.B.—Carriage free.

ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE.—FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD, and CO., beg to announce that they are now prepared to supply ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE, of the finest quality, in Bottles and Casks of 15 Gallons and upwards.

Stores, under London Bridge Railway-station; Eutruacoe, 715, Tooley-street, S.E.

ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE IN BOTTLE, recommended by Baron LIEBIG and all the Faculty, may now be had in the finest condition of Messrs. HARRINGTON PARKER, and CO., who have REDUCED the PRICE of this highly esteemed beverage to

2s. 6d. per dozen Imperial Pints.

2s. 9d. "Imperial Half-pints.

Address HARRINGTON PARKER, and Co., 54, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

ICE, and REFRIGERATORS for preserving Ice and cooling Wine, Butter, Cream, Water, &c., and provisions of all kinds, manufactured by the WENHAM LAKE ICE COMPANY (now removed to 140, Strand, W.C.), of the best make, and at the lowest cash prices. No agents are appointed in London for the sale of the Company's Ice or Refrigerators.

Pure spring-water Ice, in blocks, delivered to most parts of town daily, and packages of 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., and upwards, forwarded any distance into the country by "Goods" train, without perceptible waste. Wine-coolers, Ice-cream Machines, Ice Planes for sherry-cobblers, freezers, moulds, &c. Detailed printed particulars may be had, by post, on application to the WENHAM LAKE ICE COMPANY, 140, Strand, London, W.C.

TEA.—STRACHAN and CO.'S Strong Rough "Domestic"

Black, at 3s. 2d. per lb.; their Fine "Intermediate" Black, at 3s. 4d. per lb.; and their Machines "Drum" Black, at 4s. 2d. per lb. 7 lbs. and upwards sent free of carriage within sixty miles of London.—25, COL. HILL, LONDON, E.C.

THE EAST INDIA TEA COMPANY (LIMITED),

the only Company who import their own Teas and supply the Public direct—a CLEAR SAVING OF 10 PER CENT. The celebrated 5 lb. bag of Tea, from 2s. 4d. per lb.; of Coffee in the berry, from 10d.; fine Lapang Souchong, in 5 lb. bags, 2s. 4d. Warehouse, 9, Great St. Helen's-churchyard, Bishopsgate-street.

THE BEST and CHEAPEST TEAS in ENGLAND are to be

obtained of PHILLIPS and CO., Tea Merchants, 8, King William-street, City, London. Good strong useful Congou Tea, 2s. 6d., 2s. 8d., 2s. 10d., 3s., and 3s. 4d. Rich Souchong Tea, 3s. 6d., 3s. 8d., 3s. 10d., and 4s. 2d. per lb. 4 lbs. sent carriage free to any railway station or market town in England. A Price Current free by post on application.

BROWN and POLSON'S PATENT CORN FLOUR,

preferred to the best Arrowroot. Delicious in Puddings, Custards, Blancmange, Cake, &c., and especially suited to the delicacy of Children and Invalids. The *Lancet* states—"This is superior to anything of the kind known." Paisley and London.

SOYER'S SULTANA SAUCE, RELISH, SUCCULANTE,

AROMATIC MUSTARD, &c.—These excellent Preparations, of which the *Lancet*, in its sanitary remarks of 18th April, 1859, reported so favourably of their purity and wholesomeness, are to be obtained of all Grocers and Italian Warehousemen in the United Kingdom. They are indispensable with Fish, Meat, Game, Poultry, Hashes, Stews, and made dishes; impart also a most delicious relish to soups, sauces, &c. Wholesale, CROSS and BLACKWELL, Furveyors to the Queen, 21, Soho-square, London.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,

USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY, and pronounced by HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS, MRS. ELIZABETH SIB EVER USED. Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c. &c.—WOTHERSPOON and CO., Glasgow and London.

COALS.—BEST COALS ONLY.—COCKERELL and Co.'s

price is now 28s. per ton cash, for the BEST SCREENED COALS, and 14s. per chaldron cash, for the BEST COALS, as supplied by them to her Majesty.—In Cornhill, E.C.; Purfleet Wharf, Earl-street, Blackfriars, E.C.; Eaton Wharf, Grosvenor Canal, Pimlico, S.W.; and Sunderlind Wharf, Peckham, S.E.

KEATING'S PERSIAN INSECT-DESTROYING

POWDER, unrivalled in Destroying Fleas, Bugs, Flies, Beetles, Moths, and every species of Insect, and harmless to animal life. Sold in Packets, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each (1s. Packets sent free by post for Fourteen Stamps), by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, 70, St. Paul's-churchyard E.C.

BLIGHTS, MILDEW, BEDBUGS.—GISHURST

COMPOUND, patented for preventing and destroying these and other pests.—See *Gardener's Chronicle*, *Cottage Gardener*, and *Field*. In boxes, 1s., 2s., 10s. 6d.; retail of all Nursery and Seedsmen, wholesale of PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY (Limited).

£1000.—A CAPITALIST having £800 to £1000 may

meet with a very DESIRABLE INVESTMENT, where, without partnership or risk, £50 per annum may be obtained. Application from Principals only with banked good the resources of TIME, DISEASE, or ACCIDENT, at TEN SHILLINGS PER TON, which price can only be exceeded by expensive mountings.

DAVIESON'S LIQUID ENAMEL, for Stopping Decayed Teeth without pain, is ENAMEL WHITE, and lasts for ever. Consultations from Ten till Six.

448, WEST STRAND, LONDON, over the Electric Telegraph Office.

Descriptive Pamphlets free by post, Two Stamps.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY.—THE FLEUR DE L'AGE, or

Bloom of Youth, a vegetable preparation, so innocent that it may be applied to an infant, but yet imparts the most dazzling brilliancy to any complexion, and renders the skin beautifully soft, &c. &c. and cures all eruptions. Sold in cases at 11s.—To be had only at ED. DAVIESON, 448, West Strand (over the Electric Telegraph Office). Descriptive Pamphlet free for two stamps; remittances by postage stamps.

NEW EYE DOUCHE

INVENTED BY SAVORY AND MOORE.

EYE Douches are eminently useful in many Affections of the

Eyes, but their utility has been much restricted in consequence of the defective and inconvenient kind of instrument hitherto made for the purpose.

The New Douches effectually provides against all those drawbacks.—*Lancet*, March 31, 1860.

145, New Bond-street; 29, Chapel-street, Bolgrave-square; and

220, Regent-street, London.

A TOILETTE REQUISITE FOR THE SPRING.—

Among the many luxuries of the present age, none can be obtained possessing the manifold virtues of OLDRIE'S BALM OF COLOMBIA. If applied to the roots and body of the hair, it imparts the most delightful coolness, with an agreeable fragrance of perfume.

It is also at this period of the season prevents the hair from falling off, or if already too thin or turning grey, will prevent its further progress and soon restore it again. Those who really desire to have beautiful hair, either with wave or curl, should use it daily.

It is also a certain and strengthening for strengthening the hair, freeing it from scurf, and promoting new hair, whiskers, and moustaches. Established upwards of thirty years. No imitative wash can equal it. Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 12s. only.—C. and A. OLDRIE, 21, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

PNEUMATIC DESPATCH COMPANY (LIMITED).—
Capital £250,000, in 25,000 shares of £10 each (first issue limited to 2500 shares of £10 each). Deposit on application, £1 per share; and on allotment, £1 10s. additional per share. Calls not to exceed £2 10s. each per share, at intervals of not less than three months.

DIRECTORS.

THE MARQUIS OF CHANDOS, *Chairman.*MARK HUISE, Esq., *Vice-Chairman.*

Thomas Brassey, Esq.

Edwin Clark, Esq.

John Horatio Lloyd, Esq.

The Hon. William Napier.

Sir Charles J. H. Rich, Bart.

W. H. Smith, Esq., 198, Strand.

ENGINEERS—T. W. Rammell, Esq.; J. Latimer Clark, Esq.

JOINT SOLICITORS—Messrs. Baxter, Rose, Norton, and Spofforth; Messrs. Swift, Wagstaff, and Henkingsop.

BANKERS—Messrs. Glyn, Mills, and Co.

BROKERS—Messrs. J. Hutchinson and Son, Angel-court; Messrs. Laurence, Son, and Pearce, Auction Mart.

SECRETARY PRO TEM.—T. W. Rammell, Esq.

Temporary Offices—6, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

PROSPECTUS.

This company has been formed under the Joint-Stock Companies' Act, with limited liability, for the establishment in the metropolis of lines of pneumatic tube, for the more speedy and convenient circulation of despatches and parcels, and an Act of Parliament was obtained in the last session empowering the Company to open the streets, and lay down tubes for the purpose, within the limits of the "Metropolis Local Management Act, 1855."

The principle of the Pneumatic Tube, as a means of inter-communication, has already been put into practical operation upon a small scale in London; the Electric and International Telegraph Company having for several years availed themselves of its advantages, by connecting in this way two of their subsidiary stations in the City with their central station there. Thus, to avoid the inconvenience of repeating each message, the written papers received at that Company's stations in Cornhill and in the Stock Exchange have, for the period mentioned, been regularly forwarded through pneumatic tubes to the central station in Lothbury, for their contents to be thence telegraphed; and, so easy and rapid is the process, that the time occupied in each despatch is, in the former case about thirty seconds, and in the latter about ten seconds only. Indeed that Company are so highly satisfied with the working of these lines, and find so much convenience from their use, that they are now laying others to more distant stations.

The practical means and appliances for the working of larger tubes have been devised, the plans were submitted to, and approved of, by the late Mr. Robert Stephenson. The Pneumatic Despatch Company was then formed, Mr. Stephenson becoming one of the original proprietors, and equitable arrangements were entered into with the patentees. The Company now being in possession of the necessary powers, propose to commence operations forthwith; and their views comprise the laying down of a complete and extended system of public lines in London, for the cheap and rapid transmission of despatches and parcels.

The Company's system will be upon a scale which will enable them not only to transmit papers and packets, but to deal as well with parcels of considerable bulk, and they will be prepared to undertake—1. The transmission of the mail-bags of the Post Office between the chief office and the railways, and between the several district offices. 2. The conveyance and delivery of the small parcels of the railways (under arrangements with the several companies); and, 3. The conveyance and delivery of ordinary parcels, professional, commercial, and official papers, documents, private despatches, newspapers, and printed matter, including periodicals and books.

The promoters have brought the details of their proposed scheme under the notice of the Post-office, and have been furnished with the fullest information as to the working of the present mail services, and the general requirements of the office as respects transmission. Besides the great advantage of increased speed in the conveyance of the mails (30 miles an hour as against the contract rate of eight miles), the new system offers important facilities for the performance of the postal service. When fully developed, it will practically bring the ten district offices of London under one roof; will afford the means for a continuous transmission and interchange of the bags; and consequently allow the offices in outlying and suburban districts to be kept open for receipt of country letters to a much later hour than at present. Further, it will save serious delays now not unfrequently experienced in the conveyance of the mails, from the over-crowded state of the metropolitan thoroughfares. The Company propose to lay their first line from St. Martin's-le-Grand to one of the principal district post-offices, in a manner specially adapted to the requirements of the service, at the same time opening stations upon the line for general service. The success of this work once practically demonstrated, the Company propose to proceed gradually with additional lines to the other district and principal post-offices, the several railway termini, and other convenient stations to be established in the chief business and residential quarters of London, on such a plan that ultimately every important point of communication may be embraced in a complete system, through which a rapid and continuous circulation will be maintained.

Not only is the principle of pneumatic transmission applicable to public, but it is equally useful for private purposes; and the promoters have submitted to the Lord's Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury a proposition to connect together the several Departments in the neighbourhood of Whitehall, the Houses of Parliament, &c., by a separate system of small lines, through which sealed despatches and papers may be instantaneously exchanged.

It is estimated that the outlay upon the first line will be well covered with the sum of £15,000, being little more than one-half the amount of the proposed first issue of shares. Of course the working of this single section can scarcely be expected to yield commercial results so favourable as the more extended system will give, but it may be mentioned that the present cost of the postal service between the chief office and the district office selected is not less than £900 per annum. The Directors will not proceed with any extensions until the success of this line shall have been completely and satisfactorily established.

As regards the further and larger operations of the Company, plans have been prepared for an extended system of lines, embracing the General Post-office, the ten district and the principal sub-district post-offices, the termini of all the railways, and many stations at central and convenient points in the City, and at the West-end; and the cost of these larger works, including the outlay upon tubes, stations, and pumping and other machinery, is estimated at £250,000.

As respects income, it is difficult, in a matter so new, to draw up any definite statement, but the undermentioned three sources, the first two of which admit of accurate measurement, and are year by year increasing, will be more or less available:—

1. The Post Office service, including the transmission, within the limits described, both of the London district post and country mail bags. Annual cost of present cart and van service, not less than £11,000
2. The Railway Small Parcel Service. Annual cost of present conveyance and delivery service, according to a reliable estimate 38,000
3. The General or Public Service, including receipts for ordinary parcels; professional, commercial, and official papers; private despatches, newspapers, and other printed matter. Wide difference of opinion may be entertained as to the receipts to be expected from this service, but it is submitted that an average of £3 per diem at each of 25 public stations cannot be considered an excessive estimate 23,000

On the subject of working expenses, it may be said that there is nothing to lead to the belief that they will be unusually heavy, and it is calculated that, with a fair share of business, they cannot exceed the proportion of from 40 to 50 per cent. upon the gross receipts. The undertaking, therefore, gives promise of being a very profitable investment.

The Directors have determined that the amount of the first issue of shares shall be limited to £250,000. The holders of these original shares will be entitled to a preference in the subscriptions to subsequent issues.

Applications for shares to be sent to the Company's Brokers, or to the Secretary; from whom, as well as from the Brokers, copies of the Prospectus and Form of Application may be obtained.

All applications must be accompanied by the Banker's receipt for £1 per share, as part payment of the full deposit of £2 10s. per share. Should the amount so paid exceed the amount of the deposit on any less number of shares allotted, the surplus will be returned; but if it falls short of this amount the balance must be immediately paid, or the allotment will be cancelled. If no allotment be made the deposit will be returned with deduction.

HYDROPATHY.—THE BEULAH SPA HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT. Upper Norwood, replete with every comfort, within twenty minutes' walk of the Crystal Palace, is OPEN for the reception of Patients and Visitors. The latter can have the advantage, if desired, of a private residence. The site is unrivalled for its healthiness. Particulars of Dr. RITTERBERG, M.D., the Resident Physician.

HYDROPATHY.—SUDBROOK PARK.—Hydropathic Sanatorium, near Richmond, Surrey. This Establishment is NOW OPEN for the reception of Patients, under the superintendence of the present Proprietor, Dr. E. W. LAKE, M.A., M.D. Edin. Author of "Hydropathy; or, Hygienic Medicine." Second Edition. JOHN CHURCHILL, New Burlington-street.

LONDON FEVER HOSPITAL, ISLINGTON.
ESTABLISHED 1802.—TWO HUNDRED BEDS.

President—The Right Hon. LORD MONTEAGLE.

Cases of Fever of every kind, and in all stages of malignancy, occurring in the Families of the Poor, or among the domestic of the Affluent, are received into the Hospital at all hours.

FUNDS ARE PRESSINGLY NEEDED. Money may be paid to the Treasurer, Messrs. ROANE and Co., Fleet-street; or to the Secretary, at the Hospital.

HOSPITAL FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN,
NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON.

President—SAMUEL GURNEY, Esq., M.P.

Consulting Physicians—DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH and DR. HODGKIN.

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by DAVID JONES, of 9, Hemingford Cottages, Islington, at the Office, 20, Southampton-
street, Strand, in the same County.—June 9, 1860.